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FICTION ● SCIENCE ● FEATURES

Gate-crashers love

Parties



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**SCIENTIST
WITH AN
IDEA**



Ape-men AS A LABOR SOLUTION

This professor's plan might raise your hair, but he is deadly serious. It's only fair to the monkeys, he says.

A Special Feature from World's News Washington Office.

FIFTY laborers are required for a dam - building project in Northern Australia. Somewhere in NSW a colliery wants a batch of husky miners. At the wharves there are bales of wool waiting to be loaded.

Today these are jobs for strong men. But if the experiments of British-born Dr. Sidney William Britton are successful, an employment officer 50 years hence who needs heavy labor won't have to pin "Help Wanted" notes outside his office. He'll simply telephone a central agency and say: "Send over a squad of ape-men."

Dr. Britton believes that it's quite possible to breed a new race, half-ape and half-men, which would be able to take over the heavy labor today taxing humanity. Not only does he believe in it, but he's convinced that such an experiment in breeding would confer equal favor on apes and men.

"Man has achieved an almost complete degree of freedom from nature's environment," said Britton. "Why shouldn't we pass it on to help relieve the situation of those animals who only just missed that freedom?"

The professor, who holds the chair of physiology at the University of Virginia, has gathered around him in Charlottesville, Virginia, a small group of scientists who believe in his ideas, and subscribe to the new theory of evolution that he recently outlined before the National Academy of Sciences at Washington.

Man, says Britton, evolved from the apes through a process of resisting gravity—by gradually adopting the erect position which enabled the brain to develop.

Somewhere along the line, the great apes and monkeys of today ran into a blind biological alley from which man can now rescue them, by crossing them with human beings. He suggests the chimpanzee is the most suitable ape for experimental crossing with man, because it is tractable, nearest to man in size, and has an organic similarity to man.

Britton's idea is that man should be mated to ape through artificial insemination. The experiment should be conducted on an island without trees, so that the progeny of the union would not be tempted to get around the place by swinging from bough to bough.

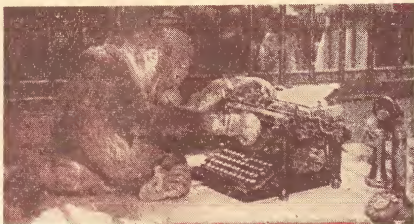
"Imagine a breed of individuals with the domesticity of the dog, the sense of the horse, the intellectual level of a lower-type human being and the strength of four men," said Britton. "That is what I believe we could produce by crossing man and ape. Such a being could never be considered as a man—nor need he be treated as a man."

Britton emphasises the fact that

For several years a group of young scientists have been working with him on the ape-man theory, satisfied that modern artificial insemination techniques, already used in cross-breeding animals, can be adapted to the evolution of a new race.

"We haven't got around to the actual experimental stage, but that will come," says Britton. "The start will probably be made by mixing the seminal fluid of a human male with that of a male chimpanzee and transferring this to a female chimpanzee."

"Scientists in the past have said that crossbreeding between man and animals is an impossibility, but the development of the spermatozoa dif-



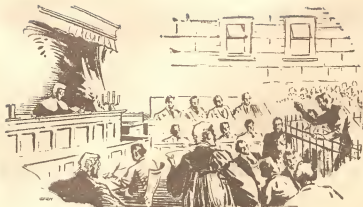
Bristol (England) Zoo's Henry is an expert typist.

he would make no concession to the idea of breeding a race of slaves, but he did add that the ape-man would certainly be no more of a slave than millions of human beings in different parts of the world are today.

"Forty years ago, when I left England, for instance, people had little opportunity to raise themselves from the state of life in which they were born," says the dapper, 50-years-old professor. "And this is still true in many countries, particularly in the East."

fusion factors brings it well within the range of practicability. One of these factors is hyaluronidase, a substance taken from the sexual glands. It facilitates contact and penetration of female reproduction cells by male seminal fluid in a way that's not been possible before," Britten explains.

"If man is going to do the right thing by monkeys," said Britton, "it's time to start now, because there are fewer than a million left on earth, and in a few years there may be none." ●



Murder in

By OXLEY BATMAN

Dr. Wardell was a hard man, but his murderer, John Jenkins, was a great deal harder.

DR. ROBERT WARDELL, colonial Sydney's leading lawyer of the 1830's, spent a lot of time and money keeping people away from the deer park he had established on his country estate at Petersham.

He advertised in the local papers that he would take proceedings against people "in the habit of chasing, shooting and otherwise destroying the deer," and threatened them with all the harsh penalties of the archaic British game laws.

Every Sunday afternoon he liked to ride around his estate, keeping an eye on the deer and chasing away any citizens who had ignored his warnings.

He was making the rounds of Petersham on September 7, 1834,

when he was murdered by a runaway convict bushranger named John Jenkins.

When Dr. Wardell's riderless horse galloped back to the homestead, the magistrates called out every available policeman, and a posse of gentlemen volunteers joined in the hunt. They suspected murder from the start because the doctor was hated by a large section of Sydney's convict population.

Several convicts assigned to the Petersham estate had been sent to the chain gangs on the doctor's evidence, and at least one man had vowed to revenge himself.

A few years before, a burglar captured in Wardell's Sydney home had been sentenced to death. Instead of

being hanged immediately—three days after sentence was the usual time in convict Sydney—the burglar had been kept in the old George Street gaol with a chain round his neck. For weeks he was kept chained and given only bread and water; eventually he died in his chains.

Even in a city accustomed to harsh treatment of convicts this case created a scandal. Rightly or wrongly, the convicts blamed Dr. Wardell for the prisoner's brutal treatment.

The searchers found Wardell's body hidden behind a fallen tree. His hat lay near a rough gunyah made of saplings and bark a few hundred yards away.

Police had little hope of finding the murderers because the bush about Sydney was full of bushrangers—runaway convicts who raided isolated homesteads for food and held up stray travellers on the bush tracks.

But five days later a runaway convict named Thomas Tattersdale blundered into a hut where a police party was having a meal. Under rough questioning, he admitted complicity in Wardell's murder, and led police to his companions—Jenkins and Emanuel Brace.

Brace, who was only 18, turned King's evidence, and told the whole story. Sensational and lurid accounts in the Sydney newspapers helped to fill the courthouse for the trial. All Sydney wanted to see John Jenkins, about whose character fantastic stories were circulating.

Jenkins was a psychopath. Modern psychologists would be fascinated by his exhibitionism, and his bitter hatred of the ruling class which had become an obsession. But colonial Sydney dismissed him simply as "a monster of depravity."

Brace, who had been transported at 18, told his story simply. He had run away from his assigned master, met Jenkins in the bush and helped him in a few minor robberies. They met the weakling Tattersdale, and Jenkins persuaded him to join them.

The three had been camped on Wardell's estate for some days before the doctor rode up to their gunyah and peremptorily asked Jenkins: "Who are you?"

Jenkins answered laconically: "I'm a man."

The doctor, unused to such insolence from convicts, swallowed his anger and demanded: "And who are these?"

Jenkins, leaning against a tree, answered: "They're men, too."

Wardell leaned down from his horse, picked up a stick and waved it over his head as though he was beckoning assistance.

"You are only three poor run-



Jenkins snatched the musket and fired at the doctor.

the Deer Park



aways. You had better come with me," said Wardell.

According to Brace, Wardell "began to bounce us" and insisted they come with him.

Jenkins picked up a stone ("with the countenance and gesticulation of a fiend," reported the Sydney Herald), and threatened to bash Wardell's brains out.

When the doctor did not leave, Jenkins turned to Tattersdale and said: "Get me my gun."

Young Brace called out: "Don't do that; fifty lashes is better than risking our lives."

Jenkins snatched the musket from Tattersdale, walked up to Wardell, and fired. The horse turned and bolted with the wounded doctor still in the saddle.

According to Brace, his last words were: "Oh dear, I'm killed!"

Jenkins called up a number of convict friends in an effort to establish an alibi.

He addressed one from the dock: "Come now, Bill, you've nothing to be afraid of. Weren't Brace and I with you that day?"

When Bill denied ever seeing them together, Jenkins addressed the Court at large: "I see it's no use asking any further questions. He's afraid to speak the truth. No one will come forward for Jenkins. Never mind, I can die like a dog."

The jury took less than a minute to return a verdict of guilty. The judge, who normally addressed each prisoner at length on his depravity and his duty to his fellow-men, gave Jenkins up as a bad job and confined his homily to the more amenable Tattersdale.

Before putting on the black cap he asked the prisoners if they had anything to say.

Jenkins took a deep breath and began: "I've a good deal to say. I haven't had a fair trial. That bloody old woman (his barrister) was palmed off on us to lead us to destruction. I could have conducted my own case better."

He thumped the dock with his hands and shouted excitedly: "I don't give a bloody damn for the judge and jury and the whole bloody court! I'd shoot the whole bloody lot of them!"

He jumped from the dock and began punching the unfortunate Tattersdale. The crowd in the court pushed each other aside madly as 12 policemen fought wildly with Jenkins. As the Sydney Herald observed: "Such a scene of tumult and excitement has never presented itself in the court in 50 years."

As the police dragged Jenkins through the streets to the gaol, Jenkins saw the magistrate who had organised the search, and shouted:

"I'll come on Monday night for the vengeance I can't take now." (Monday morning was always execution day.)

A record crowd at the gaol for the hanging saw Jenkins walk on to the scaffold and slap the noose playfully before he addressed the crowd: "Well, goodbye, my lads. I shot the doctor—not for gain but because he was a tyrant. I have one thing to recommend you as a friend: If you take to the bush, shoot every tyrant you come across. There are some tyrants in the yard now who ought to be shot."

He confessed to a series of other crimes "so no innocent person will suffer on my behalf."

Tattersdale and the other condemned men—Sydney hanged its prisoners in batches—shook hands, but Jenkins turned away, muttering: "Let every villain shake hands with himself."

A few moments later he went up to Tattersdale who was praying, and said: "Come, come, my lad, none of that crying. We'll be all right in ten minutes."

He was a hard man, John Jenkins, even by convict Sydney's standards. ●



MEAL IN A MINUTE



By VICTOR DE MEE

A FEW American hotels and some luxury ships are installing new electronic ovens that grill a steak in 15 seconds and cook a joint in a few minutes.

Head chef Otto Bismarck, who recently demonstrated electronic cookery in the galley of the American luxury liner America, called the £1000 apparatus a magic oven.

Electronic cookery has proved so successful and has made the chef's job so easy that United States Lines plan to install magic ovens in their new 50,000-ton liner, due to make its maiden voyage in 1952.

Electronics is also going to make bread-making one of the white-collar jobs of the future.

In Holland, where the great Philips organisation has been one of the world pioneers in electrical research, scientists recently demonstrated how white bread could be cooked in four minutes.

The scientists, attached to the Central Institute of Food Research, gave their demonstration in the old Dutch

university town of Delft.

The audience of bakers, none of whom could produce a well-cooked loaf from their orthodox ovens in less than half an hour, were astounded.

The scientists, who have been experimenting for many years, did not use an oven, and they told the assembled bakers that the bakery of the future would not contain an oven.

The scientists did their bread-baking with high-frequency rays.

They placed the dough between two metal sheets—a sender and a receiver. Alternating-voltage between the sheets produced high vibrations which created the heat to cook the bread.

In this new form of cooking, uniform heat is produced throughout the dough. In an ordinary oven, it takes nearly half an hour for the heat to penetrate to the centre of the dough to cook it.

The four-minute bread was handed around to the bakers, who watched the demonstration. They said it

tasted just as good as the bread from their own ovens. And the scientists assured them that it was just as nourishing.

Australian readers needn't expect to be eating electronically cooked bread this year or even next year.

Cooking by electronics is still twice as expensive as the old-fashioned way. The high-frequency generator alone costs about £5000.

But Dutch scientists are working to make the new method available at reasonable cost.

They say that the modern bakery will be on the conveyor belt system. The speed of the conveyor belt will be regulated so that each piece of dough placed on it will be subjected to the high frequency rays for exactly four minutes.

If the scientists are able to produce their conveyor belt bread factory, the master baker of the future will have an armchair job controlling the "sender" while an apprentice puts the dough on the conveyor belt. ●

WOMEN WERE THE VICTIMS

A girl named

Rene

Police have learned that every clue, even the foolish sounding ones, must be checked.

THE inside story of the crime for which Joe was convicted may be told some day, and it may or may not clear his name.

He has served his term in gaol, paid his debt to society—if he owed one—and wants to forget the tragedy, as much as he can.

The other man, suspected by reporters and police, never even went to gaol. Nothing was proved against him sufficient to offset the evidence against Joe—except the non-unique motive that the beautiful victim had been untrue to him. She hadn't been true to anyone.

Renee's body was found in a field of flowers, near a country road outside the city, by a passing pedlar. A stranger had wound a heavy cord around her neck and drawn it tight through a slip-noose, then then knotted it fast. She had been beaten, probably by fists. There was no sign of a struggle at the scene, and her shoes were missing. She had probably been killed some distance away.

There were the tyre marks of a large car off the edge of the road, near the path of bent and broken flower-stems leading to the body. No one in the neighborhood had heard or seen anything unusual, so the police backtracked to Renee's home.

Renee was married but living with her own parents, apart from her husband. They had not seen her for three nights and had notified the Missing Persons Bureau. Detectives went to the department store where Renee had been working and found a girl who knew her fairly well. "She said she had a date," the girl said.

"With her husband?"

"No. She had a couple of other fellows. One of them was a sailor and the other a guy named Joe. I don't know Joe's last name. He gave her a thousand-dollar ring."

"What about the sailor? Where's he stationed?"

The salesgirl didn't know. But a newspaper reporter interviewed her later, and the sailor, George Desmond, read the story. He told his commanding officer, who notified the police. George was grilled for hours. He was unable to account for the first of the three days during which Renee had been missing, which might have had something to do with the fact that he had been drinking. The knot which strangled Renee was not a sailor's knot, so far as he knew; and authorities agreed with him.

After careful questioning as to his relationship with Renee, which he said had been most casual, he was sent back to his station.

Renee's husband was located before the sailor was released, and he looked at the sailor through a peephole without recognising him. This was important, as he had "shadow-

ed" Renee a few times when she had gone out with other men. He was sure the other man was not a rival for her affections.

Suspicion turned to the husband, and detectives wanted to know what he had been doing, apart from shadowing his wife and her boy-friends. The husband replied that he had been minding his own business and wishing that his wife and he were reunited. Alibi? He remembered as well as he could, but there was nothing ironclad about all the potential hours of the murder. On the other hand, the police were unable to believe he had kidnapped and murdered his own wife. His reputation was excellent, and reliable witnesses finally accounted for most of the time.

As the story got increasing public attention, clues, "tips," suggestions and crank letters began to pour in to the police. One of them concerned a big car that had been parked on a side street for days.

It turned out to be owned by a man named Joe. And when they went to Joe's store his partner told them he had been missing for nearly a week.

"Must be upset over Renee," one of his employees said. "That's a girl he was in love with. Don't know her last name."

"Is this her picture?"

"Yeah. Looks like her."

"Didn't you see her pictures in the newspapers? Why didn't you call the police?"

"Never read the newspapers. Joe and the girl had a fight. That's all I know."

In the car was found a pair of shoes. Before this interview was over they had been identified by Renee's mother as the pair Renee had been wearing. An alarm was sent out for the missing Joe, but he didn't appear in any of his usual haunts. A circumstantial case was being built up against him, based chiefly on witnesses who had seen him with Renee at various times, the presence of her shoes in his car, and his apparent flight.

And then Joe turned up with a lawyer and said there was nothing to it at all. He knew Renee well enough to have lent her his car the other evening. She said she had a

date with somebody else.

"And you weren't jealous?"

Joe laughed. "Who, me? I don't run around with married women. We were just business acquaintances. She lent me some money for my store one time, and I paid it back. She wanted a ring, so I gave it to her."

"Listen, Joe," a detective said. "You've got a bad police record. Larceny at 19, burglary at 21. You don't expect us to believe anything you say, do you?"

"Believe me? Why not? I've been going straight ever since I grew up."

"We got a pair of shoes from your house. And they fit prints near the body."

"Lots of people wear my size shoe. I gave myself up because I thought I'd get a fair deal."

"And see this piece of rope? It comes from your shop. The FBI says it matches the rope she was strangled with."

"Give me a chance, won't you? Don't pin a bum rap on me. Tell you what I'll do. I'll take a lie detector test!"

Joe's lawyer broke in to warn him, and, when Joe was obdurate, to notify the authorities that such evidence couldn't be used in the trial. The detector test was made, and indicated Joe was guilty.

Joe was brought to trial, on what seemed to the jury to be slight evidence. The lie detector information could not be given, but a garage - man swore he had seen Joe near the flower-field at the time the body must have been put there.

On the witness stand in his own defence, Joe admitted he had loved Renee, that she had stopped seeing him because she had fallen for

somebody else—he had no idea whom—and that he had hidden until he could get a lawyer. But he made an impassioned plea to be believed.

The jury came back quickly. The verdict was manslaughter, which meant three to 20 years at most.

"You beat the rap, Joe," his lawyer said. "With my assistance."

"Not me," said Joe. "I go to gaol. Some other guy beat the rap, and we'll find out about it some day. And He stuck to that story.●



Rene: Found among flowers.

....and another named

Molly

Duke and Molly thought they were suited to each other until their wedding night.

MOLLY ought not to have married.

Of course, she didn't know that. She was a slender, vivacious blonde, a fine dancer and a good sport. She was popular with the boys as a party girl, and she was intelligent enough to hold her own in serious conversations with them. All in all, one would have expected her some day to settle down and make a wonderful wife.

And she thought she was doing that when she married Duke. He, too, was a lot of fun at parties, and he, too, had his serious side. He was a skilled mechanic, and as soon as he got the right job he was sure to make a good living for them. In the meantime they would live in a modest little apartment and try to save up some money so that perhaps Duke could go into business for himself.

Something went wrong on the wedding night. The next day they went to a doctor, who told them not only that Molly couldn't have any children, but that a freak of nature made it impossible for her to be a normal wife.

"Well, we're married," Duke said.

"We'll have to make the best of it."

"I'll do my best to make you a good wife," Molly said, crying. "As good a wife as I can be."

"Maybe we can save up money and get an operation."

"The doctor said that was impossible."

"Nothing's impossible these days," Duke insisted.

Although they lived together, they slowly drew apart, and Molly found excitement by going out with other young men. She could dance, anyway. And Duke was so much in love with her she could get away with anything. Finally she moved out of the apartment while he was at work, and began going steady with another man. Duke found himself another girl, but his mind was constantly on Molly.

One night months later Duke was getting into his car after work when he remembered it was their wedding anniversary, and he felt an overwhelming desire to see Molly. After all, she was his wife. He found her and asked her to go for a drive with him. Molly, who was fond of Duke in her way, agreed.

They ended up in their own apartment. Before Duke could make any advances to her Molly said: "Some old dump, isn't it?"

Frustrated urges surged up in Duke, and he turned on her with white face and tight lips. "It's better than the dump you are living in," he said.

Molly, herself doomed forever to frustration, flew into a rage. She

ran at Duke and began to claw and kick him, her one way of letting off pent-up emotion.

They threw accusations at each other, and one of them struck home on Duke. He backed to a cupboard and pulled out a loaded revolver. Molly started to scream and jumped up and down.

"Be quiet or you'll have the neighbors after us!" Duke warned. Molly yelled all the louder—and Duke hit her on the head with the butt of his revolver.

In the country, he put the body carefully under a blossoming apple tree, covered it with leaves, and drove back home. He went to work in the morning as usual.

Duke tried to dismiss Molly from his mind during the following week, and succeeded quite well. He had a girl-friend, and they went dancing and to the movies. Duke was happy with her—except that he was occasionally haunted by a vision of that apple tree.

One day he was passing a house and saw two empty milk bottles on the porch. That gave him an idea. He stole the bottles and had them filled with kerosene. Then he drove out to the apple tree, poured the oil over the body and set it afire. It burned briskly, and he hurried from the scene.

A few hours afterward a farmer found the body, public and newspapermen came, and the story was blazoned in the papers. One paper carried an enlarged photograph of a section of the victim's cretonne house dress that had been scorched but not burned. With all the publicity the case got, identity still might not have been established except for the wife of a policeman.

Molly: Freak of nature.

Molly fell to the floor, still screaming wildly, and then got up and grappled with Duke. He dropped the revolver and they both went after it, tumbling over each other.

Molly got the gun first. She was half crouched with the gun in her right hand near the floor. Duke went out of his head completely. He put one hand over her mouth so she couldn't scream, and, as she started to bite him, his other hand clutched her throat.

Molly was really a tiny thing, for all her fussing. Suddenly she was kind of helpless and seemed to be getting cold. He let go of her and she fell to the floor. That was about half-past two in the morning. Realization gradually dawned on Duke; Molly was dead, and he was a murderer.

He picked up her body and put it on the sofa. Then, for some reason he was never able to explain, he took off her shoes. One of the first things he had noticed about Molly, when she was dancing that night they met, was her shoes. He put her shoes in the clothes cupboard and then carried her downstairs to his car. Two hours later, far out

This woman, a friend of Molly's mother, saw the photograph of the dress fragment. Inclined to detective work by marriage, she checked with other neighbors, who agreed the dress looked familiar. And no one knew where Molly was; she had not visited her mother for several days. The woman took Molly's mother to the District Attorney, and she made a positive identification. Molly's acquaintances were rounded up and questioned, and Duke was also called in. A detective searched Duke's apartment, where he found bloodstains, and talked to neighbors, who told of a quarrel in Duke's apartment.

Told of this, Duke admitted the murder. "But don't get me wrong," he said. "I loved her. If only she had known about sex before we were married."

Duke was tried and convicted, sentenced to 20 years. He was a model prisoner, and was paroled after serving the minimum time. On his release—he had studied in gaol by a correspondence course—he got a good job, and is now a successful businessman. And married, with children. ●



Gate-crashers

love parties

By ALAN MUIR

THIS year numerous genial hosts will provide with food and drink and generally entertain hundreds of people whom they don't know and have no particular desire to know.

However, in a way, these guests will be an asset to the functions they attend. They'll be quiet, well-behaved and sociable. They should be—they're professionals.

Maybe you will be one of the hosts. If you give a party that is too big for home entertainment, you'll be shopping around the big hotels and restaurants, selecting rooms, arranging hours. You'll be worrying about invitations and refreshments. While all this activity is going on, the uninvited guest is quietly waiting for the party to start. He knows the big hotels better than you do and he knows all about your reception. He gets his information first-hand, from the hotel.

Some hotels are very co-operative. They know that some of your guests may forget the time or the place of your party, so they place large notice boards in the lobby giving all details on the functions of the day. These boards are the uninvited guest's invitation. They're all he needs.

Let's suppose the party is between 5.30 and 7.

People start arriving soon after you officially open the doors. By the time 6.15 rolls around, you've a sizable crowd on hand and you aren't quite sure who everybody is. But you think the party is going better than you expected. The guest of honor, and everybody else for that matter, seems to be having a fine time. Well, just keep your eye on the door. This is the moment for the uninvited guest. Perhaps he'll be a clean-shaven man in a dark suit. At any rate, he'll be conservatively dressed. He'll come in with a quietly confident air and head unerringly for your social lion.

He doesn't know the guest of honor, but he acts as if they were well acquainted. The guest of honor, meanwhile, doesn't know him from Adam, but then it's a safe bet he doesn't know about 50 per cent of the other people milling around. He'll usher the newcomer to the bar and your uninvited guest suddenly has a drink in his hand.

With professional ease, the new recipient of your hospitality heads for any large group of people, intro-

Some men make a profession of going to functions to which they are not invited; it's where they get their food and drink.



Do you know the guests on either side of you?

duces himself and becomes a well-balanced member of your party.

This goes on every day in the year. Not long ago a publicity firm gave a party for a movie star. About 100 people attended, including a man who appeared to be one of the star's personal friends. The actress welcomed him effusively, and the man asked her how she had been and how things were. He was charming to the other guests. Eventually, the star slipped out to go to another party. The "friend" started a poker game in one corner and the publicity man was delighted everyone seemed to be having such a good time. The

star's "friend" netted himself £20, then quietly retired from the party. Everyone left high and happy. Later that night one of the poker players met the movie star and told her that her friend had won a lot of money.

"What friend?" she demanded. "I might have met him somewhere before, but I just couldn't place him when he spoke to me. I meet so many people in this business. They all remember me, but, of course, I don't remember them."

If someone you know is giving a dinner at a hotel and there's a guest speaker on the bill, our uninvited friend is quite likely to attend. Watch



Luncheons mean speechmaking and shop talk. Usually, they are held by closed groups. However, the more expert gate-crashers handle them with the dinner routine and manage to eat often enough.

People go to functions to meet other people and have fun. They rarely know more than a dozen friends at any big affair. Officials who run things usually are busy trying to keep the right people happy. If a guest looks presentable, he won't be bothered. Even the best-informed official knows only about 50 per cent of the people at the party. Hotel receptions are as impersonal as the rooms in which they are held. The uninvited guest is careful always to use the same name as he plans to attend other parties in the same hotel.

The profession of function-attending is an old and competitive one. All over the world, clean-shaven men



him as he saunters through the hotel lobby. He consults the notice board first. Then he produces a pencil and picks up some writing-paper at the nearest news-stand. Follow him as he heads for the dinner-meeting and admire his air of boredom as he says loudly, "Press," to the hotel flunkies on hand to pick up invitations.

"Sorry, sir, but everyone has to have an invitation," says the flunkie. "Who is doing publicity for this affair?" he asks, promptly throwing the entire hotel mechanism out of gear.

While the flunkies cudgel their brains, he sails in to find out from a committeeman. Inside, he promptly heads for the Press table, sits down, produces his pencil and paper and waits. Sure enough, an obliging committeeman comes up, asks if he has his dinner ticket, and promptly goes off to get one for him. Before the food comes the uninvited guest tells his newspapermen neighbors that he's there to take a verbatim account of the speech for a trade magazine, thereby ensuring that their interest in him will evaporate suddenly, leaving him free to eat his head off.

If our "ex-newspaperman" feels it's too early to go home and he's in the mood for more partying, he heads back to the notice board to see how the conventions are doing. Often visiting conventions keep reception-rooms open into the wee hours. The notice board discreetly takes notice of these do's by mentioning them under such euphemisms as "Get Acquainted Room" or "Welcoming Committee." These affairs are like taking sweets from a kid to the uninvited guest. If anyone bothers to question him, he promptly becomes a delegate from out of town.

All kinds of functions, run by all kinds of people, keep hotels busy 365 days a year. Wedding receptions, big ones, are a cinch for the uninvited guest. The function-attending expert keeps a hungry eye cocked for buffet wedding breakfasts. They are the only free breakfasts in hotels. It's clan meeting clan, and both sides feel the others are strangers to whom they must be polite.

Luncheons are tougher to crash. The experienced function-attender will tell you people are most suspicious before their mid-day meal.



in neat dark suits make a business of eating and drinking on the house.

Last month, for instance, some businessmen threw a big party in a Sydney hotel. A veteran function-attender spotted it on the notice board. Right away, his mouth watered. At the entrance to the affair, he was stopped by two uniformed flunkies who demanded to see his invitation.

"I'm in charge of the official photographers," he told them coolly, and moved into the main salon.

The flunkies were a little worried. One of them followed the function-attender and saw him talking to a

man with a Press camera. He went back to his post, satisfied. The FA drank champagne, ate caviar and cold turkey with two attractive women and chatted about foreign policy with three high Government officials. The officials had met him before but they couldn't quite place him. Everybody had a fine time.

The trick? The function-attender knew that all such gatherings hire photographers. They come early, wander around among the crowd taking pictures and usually are delighted when anyone notices them. He merely chatted with the photographer.

This kind of thing goes on all the time. When you arrange a big party of your own, you might as well make room for the uninvited on your guest list. They'll be there. It's almost impossible to catch them, too, and hardly worth the possible embarrassment. You might end up like the suspicious host who saw a stranger at his party. He dogged the stranger for an hour, finally snared him at the bar. Triumphantly, he demanded to see the man's credentials.

The stranger turned out to be the hotel manager, just making sure everything was all right. ●



"Naturally this is an employees' party Miss Eversham . . . Great Scott, I forgot to tell the other employees."

He wanted to tell the world that this man had no right to be married.

STOP THAT WEDDING!

By ROSS McLEOD

IT was too late to stop the wedding. For stop it Frank Pierson would have done, as certainly as he pictured again the suffering of Amy Rufus trying to give birth to this man's baby.

Yet this was not the wedding he had come to see.

After he arrived at the church, Pierson had crept self-consciously into the back pew. When he looked up he was puzzled by the couple at the altar, until he realised that the previous wedding was late and he was early.

He had relaxed then, and when the minister asked the groom to repeat after him: "I, Watson Lyle Harrick . . . do take thee . . ." he followed the proceedings with only mild interest.

But the bridegroom's name came back into Pierson's mind like a late echo. There was something familiar about it. And about his appearance, too. It was not until Pierson caught a glimpse of the bridegroom's face as he turned to go into the vestry that recognition came. Then Pierson wanted to shout: "That man has no right to marry!"—except he had missed his chance.

Watty Harrick! He had come up from the city to get a bout of pleurisy out of his system. Actually, no help was needed on the station, for it was drought times, and all the stock, excepting a handful, had been sold or were out on agistment. The city owner knew that. And it was to leave Watty Harrick with a lot of time on his hands.

Frank Pierson was working manager; and Amy Rufus did his cooking. She was sixteen, and a half-caste.

Aborigines were a part of life in this region. So Frank Pierson saw, with tolerant amusement, Watty Harrick's uncertainty when he first took residence. He had a sort of fear and repulsion at the thought of a colored person handling his food.

Watty Harrick was barely eighteen at the time, youthfully handsome, and tall. This outback life, Pierson knew, would jolt some of the lad's clified ideas, but at the same time it would not be long before he would adapt himself. Youth was like that.

But Harrick was slower to find his feet than Pierson expected. Though the devil quickly made amends towards the end, Pierson thought grimly.

He was quite shy and timid in front of Amy. And he felt his way

gradually, watching how Pierson behaved towards the girl and how she reacted towards him; seeing if she understood English properly; if she could be trusted; and if she was fed bread and scraps, chained to a log, or ill-treated in any of the ways he had read about. He hesitantly kept watch for all these things.

It took some weeks for Harrick to realise that the color of the skin made no difference. Amy was a little primitive, in a natural, instinctive way, because of restricted education and opportunity. But generally, he was to find she was no different, and treated no differently, from any other girl working in a kitchen.

There was nothing in Harrick's character to make Pierson detest him then, or even dislike him. He was polite before Amy, and she so quiet and aware of her place—in fact, she felt it an honor to be in the kitchen—that Pierson had no doubts about leaving them together when he had to camp out for two or three days.

How he had been fooled!

Harrick, it turned out, had gone into the kitchen on these occasions, helped Amy with the dishes each night, and stayed on late, talking.

"Admittedly," Pierson said to himself as he went over it all again in his mind, "I was no company for him. I'd lived too long on my own to alter my routine. In a way I suppose he was not to blame for going to Amy for conversation."

The organ continued playing softly while the couple were in the vestry, and these thoughts trickled through Pierson's mind, like new water along a dried creek-bed. The path was clear and defined, but boulders had to be passed and sand pushed out of the way. For it was nearly three years since these events had happened.

Of course I'm old, Pierson reflected. A young man would see things differently. Like the night Amy, in her innocence, had worn a cast-off voile dress with nothing beneath it. And the shocked, incredulous expression on Watty Harrick's face.

Experience and knowledge of the natives had killed any prudery Pierson might have had. But that night he thought he had better explain to Amy, more for Harrick's sake than hers. "Your dress is a pretty one, Amy. But it is really a stay-at-home dress. Ladies don't wear those kind among people unless there is a petticoat under it."

She believed Pierson, as she always did. And Watty Harrick was able to see she had worn it merely out of ignorance and not to provoke ardor.

The very nature of the girl had Harrick intrigued, apart from what he might have noticed through the dress. From that stage their friendship began to be developed; Pierson had learned most of it from the bedside of Amy between her spasms, the day she died.

Harrick had gone down to hand-feed the horses one evening and to turn them out into the tank paddock. It was after tea, but still light. As he and Amy were openly friendly by this time, she followed him down and sat on the rail of the horse yards and watched him lump chaff to the feed boxes.

"Come down to the dam while I turn them out?" he had asked.

She had nodded, shyly sliding her bare foot to and fro along the rough rail.

"Come on, then." And when she had jumped down, Harrick grasped her bare foot and legged her up on a little mare.

They chased the other horses off in front, then followed at a canter.

Harrick must have looked across at Amy, and noticed how she could ride and was enjoying this. And he must have noticed, too, how the breeze pressed her thin cotton dress back against her figure, and how the skirt rose up around her hips and flapped out behind her, her dusky thighs moving backwards and forwards in rhythm against the rough hide of horse.

Harrick had put the horses through the gate and closed it behind them. And as the day had been a warm one, as soon as the horses had had their drink, he stripped to his trunks and dived into the tank. Amy had stood on the edge and laughed and clapped at his common antics. Then he saw her begin to peel off, too.

"Hey, you can't do that!" he had called.

"But I want to swim, too?"

"Well, you can't. Not today, anyhow," he had said.

Pierson paused in his thoughts with this image in his mind. He unwillingly conceded that Harrick had shown restraint, for which he had to be given credit. Though there was no vice in Amy, her action being simple and natural, it was right to protect her from herself.

Every day brought Watty Harrick closer to nature and the basic things of life. He could not always be

showing self-discipline as his friendship with the girl developed.

It was with a jolt that this now occurred to Frank Pierson, and for the first time it upset some of his ideas. In blaming Harrick, and hating him for what he had done, he was inclined to forget how nature would work on two young people, fond of each other, and more or less cut off from the world.

Amy would not feel shame or hesitation, in following an impulse which seemed natural.

Harrick had begun to talk of the time he would have to leave and go back to the city. And this tended to bring their feelings to the surface, as though there was an urgency to them.

Frank Pierson experienced a feeling of guilt for not having taken more notice of what was going on at the time, and for not strengthening Harrick in his resolutions. But as long as Harrick remained healthy, why should he have been bothered over him?

Pierson tried to squash his conscience, but a small voice cried out deep at the back of his mind, "What of little Amy Rufus, didn't you owe her a responsibility?" But it was too weak a cry to disturb him so outraged was he over Watty Harrick.

When the time did come for Watty Harrick to leave the station, he was torn between returning, or sticking out for a new life in the country. Frank Pierson remembered the troubled furrows on his alert face as he tried to arrive at a decision. But what had Pierson cared then? He had jokingly remarked to Harrick that the country had made a man of him. For it had. He had not dreamed that the tie that bound Watty was Amy Rufus.

Amy was the first to know of Harrick's final intentions.

"I'll go down for a month, Amy, to see my folks. Then I'll be back to stay for always," he told her.

But Amy did not understand why he had to go at all, and was disconsolate. "You won't come back, I know," she kept saying.

"But I will. I promise." And when she still did not brighten, as if she believed him, he said, "Look!"

He took a gold signet ring from his finger.

"I'll show you I mean it," he said, and slid it on her finger. It was much too big for her, and they both laughed at it. For now she was half-prepared to think he would be back.

After Harrick left for the city, Amy became listless. And it became obvious she was going to have a baby.

The weeks dragged by for her, and every day made it plainer Watty Harrick would not return.

Frank Pierson had no need to go over in his mind the difficulties which Harrick would have to face in returning to the bush. He knew well enough, Harrick was sincere. He would try to get back to Amy, but there would be so many influences plucking at him. The city life pleading, tempting and cajoling, so that bit by bit he would get swallowed up in it; the opposition of family and friends.

Towards the end of her time, Amy

went to stay with her parents, who were camped at a boundary-rider's hut forty miles out.

Then one day Monty Rufus came riding to the homestead, in alarm. Amy was having difficulty. Frank Pierson sent him across country to where there was a pedal wireless, while he gathered up his medical supplies to go and give to Amy what help he could.

The most he could do though, was to make her comfortable and keep up her courage.

And while they waited the hours, Amy told him about her and Harrick. She talked of him with shining eyes as though he was wonderful. It seemed to ease her, so Pierson did not let her see the disgust that was beginning to broil up in him.

The doctor came too late to help. It was not nice to see how Amy died.

In the church the *Wedding March* started up and called Pierson's



Amy shyly turned to Harrick.

thoughts back. Harrick and his bride had begun their walk down the aisle. They looked radiantly happy. And Pierson sensed the love and affection held for them as congratulations were showered on them. Their passage was slow.

Pierson wanted to feel the full hatred that was in him when he had first recognised Harrick, but somehow it was not as intense now.

Think of Amy Rufus! He told himself. Think of her and remember that this man caused her to suffer. So

Frank Pierson thought of it like that, and his anger rose.

When Harrick came level he would said to him: "What about Amy Rufus and her child? Have you forgotten them?"

The couple were slow in coming, and there was a doubt at the back of Pierson's mind still. A nagging irritation, as there had been something left unsaid when Amy had died.

The organ played louder its theme of joy, hope and promise; and it began to get on Pierson's nerves as though it was trying to interfere with what he had to do. And all the time the pair were coming closer, and Pierson still with his thoughts not straight, doubt tick, tick-ticking persistently at the back of his mind.

Involuntarily Pierson noted how happy the wedded couple looked, then hastily thrust the thought aside in case it should soften him for when he was to strike his blow for Amy.

By the untroubled look on Harrick's face anyone would think he did not know about Amy! And as the notion crossed his mind Pierson suddenly knew that this must have been true.

Did Harrick know Amy was going to have a baby? It mattered now, because Harrick was very close, and, in a few steps more it would be too late for both of them.

"God bless you both," . . . "I'm tain you both will be very happy."

The people in front of him spoke. It was up to him next.

He looked keenly at Watty Harrick. And in that moment his doubt and ill-feeling fell from him. Watty Harrick had not known. Amy had kept the news from him, because she thought he would be back, and she could tell him then.

Frank Pierson's fury at what had happened under his nose, his pity for Amy, had caused him to look on Harrick with unreasonable anger. Now he realised that to denounce Watty Harrick in front of his bride and their friends and relations would serve no purpose. It would not help poor little Amy—and, anyhow, Pierson realised, she would not have wanted him to hurt Harrick.

His gesture towards the bride and groom as they passed him was hardly noticeable. It could have been a gesture of goodwill, but it could as equally have been a gesture of renunciation, as though he were saying: "It's all over, it doesn't matter now! Go ahead and be happy."

The people pressed past him to the church steps, waving and smiling as the ribbon-decorated car drove off. Pierson followed them, thoughtfully. Outside the church, he watched the rest of the guests pile laughingly into cars and taxis, and drive away. Then he took from his pocket a worn signet ring, and tossed it down the flood water drain.

It washed away the last links between Watty Harrick and Amy, the last resentment in Pierson's mind about the lad's relationship with the half-caste.

There was only a little time left before his niece was to be married. Frank Pierson returned to the church and took up a pew near the front to wait for the ceremony to begin.●

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On the carpet

Middle East merchants don't need to look far to find a sucker.

By LAURENCE RUSSELL from Cyprus.

EVERY eastern Mediterranean port I have visited in the past year is pestered with pups — strays of all sizes, makes, colors and shapes.

The people in the area are either too kind or just too lazy to liquidate them, and they throw out their scraps to these hordes of hounds as good-natured folk elsewhere feed sparrows. The odd official dog-catcher pursues them occasionally with an outside butterfly net, captures one or two on a main street, takes his catch in a pushcart out into the suburbs and sets them free.

He's got his future to think of, naturally, and municipalities don't mind, for the dogs serve as scavengers and save expenditure. So these crazy canine communities square and cube themselves every few months, and soon there will be more pups than people.

The Levant's pootchy plague is already being commercialised, as a carpet expert named Ralph Hatch knows. Hatch knows all about Oriental carpets. From Tlemcen to Teheran no self-respecting sheik would buy a bathmat without consulting him. He can tell Birmingham work from Bokhara and Ipswich from Isphaham at 800 yards in a sandstorm. On landing at a small Levantine port the other day he followed his lifelong practice of exploring every backstreet bazaar within reach in search of the odd priceless rug the rest of the world had overlooked.

Sure enough he found one — crumpled up in a dirty soapbox outside a junkshop. It smelt of dog and dust, but it was the works, and Hatch stooped down to fondle it lovingly. As he touched it a mildewed mongrel streaked like a meteor out of an alley, yelped at him and leaped into the box to nestle on the carpet.

The owner of the shop, a Greek, appeared on his doorstep.

"Nice doggy," cooed Hatch (in Greek, of course). "Bonny boowoow. Do you know," he told the shopkeeper, "that's the kind of dog I've always wanted. Is it yours?"

"Belongs to my small son," said the merchant. "They're devoted to each other. He'd never sell it."

"Not even for . . . a shilling?" asked Hatch, his most generous impulses stirred.

"Not even for 10 times as much. That's a very fine animal. Only needs delousing."

Hatch sighed and became absorbed in the study of a grandfather clock. "A pound for the hound," he exclaimed. "Take it or leave it."

"I leave it," snapped the merchant.

"Why, he may have a pedigree, poor pup. A quid for such a quadruped would be an insult to his ancestors."

Hatch pretended to admire a three-legged iron bedstead especially designed for those who find it difficult to get up in the morning.

"Throw in the beast's box," he said, "and I'll make it a fiver."

"Break my boy's heart for a fiver?" asked the tender tycoon. "Never."

"A tenner?" suggested Hatch.

The other whistled. "That's a pretty pile of plasters for a pootch. I'll ask Mama." He went to the back of the shop and hollered: "Mama! There's a luna — gentleman — here offering £10 for Mario's mouser. Shall I take it?"

"For that money you can buy Mario a complete flea-circus," Mama hollered back, "instead of just half a one. Take it."

Hatch handed over a shoal of shekels and patted his purchase playfully. It protested and removed six inches of his sleeve. The merchant gave him the box, carefully taking out the carpet.

"Leave me that old mat," Hatch said. "Bonzo will feel nostalgic without it."

"Couldn't possibly," the man replied. "Belongs to my little girl. She'd be heartbroken."

That afternoon in the club Hatch met seven other fellows who had bought a dog for prices ranging from £8 to £17. None of them got the carpet.





Above: Widmark as Tommy Udo. Right: As himself, with his daughter Anne.

Haunted

BY HIS OWN CREATION

Richard Widmark just can't get away from the character he created in his first film.



By HAROLD HEFFERNAN
from Hollywood

IT'S a good three years since he played Tommy Udo, that hopped-up killer with the sadistic laugh, but Richard Widmark is still haunted by the role!

"No matter where I go, I'm still Tommy Udo," said Widmark. "It drives me nearly crazy at times. I've never known a player who had a part that stuck so fast and long. People come up in public and ask me to do that laugh. If I refuse I'm a heel. If I do I'm a jerk. So, what do I do? I find myself trying to keep out of sight."

Even in London, where he went recently to co-star with Gene Tierney in *Night And The City*, it was the same thing, Widmark said. Killer Udo continued to shadow him through Soho and up in Whitechapel.

"We worked at night most of the time," he said, "and in some pretty sordid districts where the lads were anxious to determine if their movie heavies were really as tough as the screen paints them. I kept clear of the dark alleys, but many a time I heard a harrowing imitation of my laugh—from some hard-boiled character interested in trouble."

Like all trade-marked Hollywood villains, Widmark is constantly under suspicion of gullible fans who take their screen characterisations too seriously.

"My five-year-old daughter, Anne, was crying one day in London when a woman came up and glared at me. 'Why, you . . .!' she said, as though I had been beating up my own child."

"People handed me blank phonograph records and asked if I wouldn't put Tommy Udo's laugh on them so they could scare their friends. I got sick coming back from England on the Queen Elizabeth, and I heard someone say: 'That guy's a pony—couldn't be Tommy Udo.'"

Widmark played the maniacal kil-

ler in his first picture, *Kiss of Death*. It established him more firmly as a star than a score of big parts did for other actors.

In the three years since then he has nine other pictures behind him.

His bosses cast him as a decent first mate aboard a whaler for

Down To The Sea In Ships. He turned in a performance that the critics praised but a ton of fan mail swamped him in protest.

He finished a second sympathetic role recently. It is *Outbreak*, which was filmed in New Orleans with Paul Douglas and Barbara Bel Geddes as co-stars. He played a US public health officer, a determined medic bent on doing his duty, even though it took him through a murder case and the New Orleans underworld.

Script writers did a clever job on him for this London-made picture. While he's a cheap, tough character, he has his good points. The studio moulded him into a more attractive scoundrel than in the past. He even gets to make love to Gene Tierney.

A workmanlike actor with serious grey eyes, he talks little. He was



In *Down to the Sea in Ships*.

reared in Princeton, Illinois, in a community where "kids are taught to think before they speak." He keeps regular hours, abhors night clubs, putters around his low, rambling ranch house in a canyon, wall-papering or painting, and invests his money in US savings bonds.

"I don't know anything about the stock market," he said.

Widmark, in fact, doesn't know about anything much except acting—and he's tried all mediums. His first venture into the field was teaching dramatic art to students at his old college, Lake Forest University, a post he took in 1938, after his return from a post-graduation bicycle

tour of Europe. He taught for two years, then decided he could earn more money acting than showing others how to do it. This decision naturally took him to New York, where after some anxious months, he finally talked himself into radio.

"I was on the treadmill after that," he said, "playing in shows at any hour from early morning until midnight."

Between radio performances, Widmark appeared on the stage. "I specialised in prestige flops," he says. "The critics didn't hate the plays, but the public certainly did."

Actually this is an exaggeration: Widmark was in one Broadway success, *Kiss And Tell*. He played the juvenile lead, a pleasant, gangling young man, and nobody who saw his performance would ever have taped him as a possibility for the role of a psychopathic killer. In fact, when he was introduced to Henry Hathaway as a possibility for the Tommy Udo role, Hathaway barely considered him.

In New York to probe the world of radio and theatre for fresh faces, he took one look at Widmark, and said to himself: "This could be a shipping clerk, a guy studying for the ministry, a kid behind a soda fountain—but not a criminal."

Widmark wasn't much interested in the part being tested for *Kiss of Death* either.

Both of them changed their minds when Widmark began to read the script of *Kiss of Death*. Widmark said: "It was so well written that you couldn't miss." Hathaway said: "As soon as he gave that silly giggle, that sound like a ring-tailed baboon, I knew he was the guy to play Tommy Udo."

Hathaway, incidentally, insists that the Widmarks have invented a new form of the English language "strictly for the purpose of turning down invitations without offending their hosts." The pair, are in fact, complete failures socially. In the evenings Widmark likes to read, and cherishes a dream of writing some day. His wife actually is working on a play. She also encourages Dick in his other hobby, which is seeing old movies. Widmark boasts that he has been right through the famous collection of silents at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Off-screen Widmark has the slightly puzzled look of a youthful University professor. This is caused by his high forehead and slightly receding blonde hair, and is usually disguised for the screen by a "front-piece." His manners are equally as academic as his appearance.●



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Your friend chuckles. "No motor spirit at all. She runs on elastic!"

Disbelieving, you reply: "And you twist it up by hand when it unwinds? Boy, some wristwork there!"

He pulls up, cuts off the motor, and you both get out. He opens the bonnet and you stare amazed. It's just a big tank with pumps and pipes on the sides. He opens the tank; it contains thousands of stretched rubber strands lying in fluid.

"Artificial muscles," explains your friend. He turns on the engine; strands contract and relax at such a speed they become a quivering blur and what look like wrinkles shimmer across the fluid.

"Biological Motors' latest model," says your friend proudly. "Not a sound out of her at 80, but, of course, she's too fast for most roads."

To explain this preview of a future motor car, let's go back to Palestine, 1950. A few months ago a group of Jewish scientists at the Weizmann Institute, Israel, gazed enthralled at the strangest engine ever constructed—a biological motor run by synthetic muscles.

As the engine's muscles contracted or relaxed, a bar to which they were fixed moved backward and forward. This motion, converted by pistons and cranks, spun a wheel.

Speed is limited

Though crude, the device was efficient. It ran on chemical-plus-molecular power, just as muscles do. Its muscles were strands of a new synthetic rubber, which contracts in alkaline fluid, expands in acid.

When flooded with acid and alkali alternately, the rubber strands pull and relax like human arm-muscles. Of course, the change of fluids is comparatively slow, limiting the speed at which the wheel can be turned.

At present the biological motor is only a toy. But, as with other scientific toys, revolutionary changes may follow.

The Jewish toy motor was evolved from a study of human muscles. When a champion sprinter like Mar-

jorie Jackson runs 100 yards in evens or under, her leg muscles develop two horsepower. Human muscles can develop this power for short distances only.

However, a miner or roadmaker when rock-chopping can maintain a tenth of a horse-power during a working shift—equal to the power behind an electric vacuum cleaner. This seems small, but then it's the output of one set of muscles only.

Human muscle has an efficiency of 30 per cent, well above the average motor-car engine. Under the electron microscope human muscles prove to be made up of long chains of molecules. These chains when flooded by "trigger" chemical substances are alternately shrunk or flooded with fluid. The chemical changes follow each other rapidly.

To see this speed at its best, watch a bout between two lightweight boxers such as Elley Bennett and Vic Elsen. With every one of those lightning hits, counters, shifts, or smotherers, the chemical fluid in the boxers' muscles is changed—one fluid washed out, the other flushed in, in

tion of a second like the change in living muscle. Human muscle juggles with solutions of magnesium and potassium, plus a trigger substance, ATP. The latter shrinks muscle in a flash. Relaxation is similarly quick, started by a snap of one phosphate link of ATP.

Chemists can't duplicate these lightning changes with synthetic rubber. The rubber, however, possesses one big advantage. Human muscle uses up sugar as fuel. The rubber muscle uses no fuel. It requires acid and alkaline fluids, but these, after acting on the rubber, can be swept out, separated and re-circulated to act on the rubber again.

The future biological motor car awaits discovery of stronger, more contractile elastic plastics, and also a single chemical, which, like ATP, produces swift contractions and expansions.

Last year, Professor R. B. Woodward discovered a method of creating long artificial protein chains with 10,000 links (former best, 18 links), which may possibly solve the first problem. The other should not be beyond chemists' ingenuity.

What may evolve is a compact motor of thousands of hair thin plastic-rubber muscles contracting and expanding rapidly in a tank of



This car will provide some shocks for service stations.

a fraction of a second.

Scientists are now learning to create long chains of molecules, known as plastics, in the chemical laboratory. Elastomers, or elastic plastics, are made up of long molecular chains, which possess contractility like human muscles. Testing a new elastomer, Jewish scientists discovered that alkaline and acid fluid would alternately contract and expand it. Hence the biological motor toy.

So far the change (alkali-to-acid and back) can't be made in a frac-

tion whose acidity lessens and increases as pulses of trigger chemical-fluid are shot through it.

Circulations of this fluid may be ensured by power from the machine itself, after the self-starter (compressed store of liquid) operates.

Such a motor would be silent and powerful. Speed might be controlled by making series of muscles independent of the other and plugging in as many muscles as required.

The crude yet effective toy evolved by Israel's scientists may one day make this true. ●



THE LIVING dead



He told Pasa he would remember Noumea—and he would, too.

By NIGEL CURLEWIS

LARRY THOMSON sat up suddenly in the big double bed. Even in the dawn air he sweated. He sweated and he cursed.

He cursed the dryness of his throat; the throbbing of his head; the cheap sour wine he had drunk last night. And he cursed the mulatto woman who lay naked beside him now.

And then, as the fog of sleep cleared from his head, he stopped cursing and thought.

Yes, by God, today was the day. By tonight he would be on the ship and by tomorrow morning he would be a hundred miles and more from this stinking dirty place they called Noumea. Yeah — and with a half share in three thousand dollars worth of opium that he and Rufe Atkins would smuggle into Frisco.

He almost raised a grin as he made his way to the bathroom at the rear of the cottage.

"Well, I guess I need a break after that Sydney washout," he muttered.

It had been a bad business in Sydney. He'd been lucky to get away. The police had nearly cornered him but he'd beaten them; stowed away on a French ship.

What a trip! Thomson grimaced as he thought of it. He'd been glad to leave that hold and settle down in the relative comfort of a room in a second-rate hotel in Noumea.

And then things had started to come his way.

He first met Rufe Atkins in a down-town bar. Thomson had called in to have a drink on his own and he recognised the broad American accent. Atkins was drunk and voluble. Thomson introduced himself.

And after they had known each other for a week, Atkins moved into the room next to Thomson. And that night had told him a very interesting story.

There was a mulatto, Atkins said, lived in a cottage on the edge of the native quarter. Pretty attractive, she was, and she had got together, over the last year, a big swag of opium. She couldn't sell it on the island — the market wasn't there. Visiting seamen wouldn't give her a decent price and they didn't have the money anyhow.

"And I got to know about it,

Larry. Never mind how," Atkins said with a wink.

He had also got to know something else. A source of counterfeit money which could be purchased at a reasonable price. And from the same source could be obtained, at a reasonable cost, perfectly turned out passports.

He had already made a deal with this mulatto—Pasa by name. And it was going to be easy. He would take delivery of the goods just before sailing time; pay her with the crook notes and get clear. She wouldn't discover anything wrong until she tried to spend them, and by that time . . .

"But it's a bit big for me, Larry. I'll cut you in—fifty-fifty."

They went down to see Pasa that night. Thomson remembered how his blood had burned when he saw her. Everything about her provoked him and that night he slept with her.

And on and off for the past three weeks he had slept with her until her appeal had started to wane and he looked forward to their departure with increasing eagerness.

* * *

Thomson dried himself and went back to the bedroom. Pasa was out of bed. She had washed and done her hair and Thomson's pulse quickened as she sat down and crossed her legs so that her thighs showed through the parting of her kimono.

"Here is coffee and toast, honey," she said, in her French intoned English. "Sit down and have it—you will feel better."

"A man's a goddam fool," grumbled Thomson. "Drinkin' that firewater we had last night."

Pasa laughed. "Well, honey," she said, "you leave me tonight. And then you will forget me. You will forget Noumea. Or perhaps," and her eyes laughed, "you will remember sometimes—a little, yes?"

"Sure I will, Pasa," said Thomson. "Sure I will. You been a good buddy." He grinned and winked.

Pasa's teeth gleamed. "Well," she said. "It has not cost you anything. Not like Rufe—he has spent much money with the girls at Madam de Vere's establishment."

"Rufe's a goddam fool," said Thomson violently. "He's been drunk every night. His nerves are about shot. He's got no sense."

"Mais oui, you are correct," said

Pasa. "He is weak. He has no will power. Those girls take his money and he cannot resist them—"

"Them girls ain't clean, either," said Thomson. "I wouldn't go with them."

"That is right, Larry. They are not all clean. Only seven — eight weeks ago one was taken away — down there." She motioned with her hand.

"What do you mean, taken away?" Thomson asked. "Taken away where?"

"Down to the Colony, honey," Pasa said seriously.

Thomson sat bolt upright. "You mean she had leprosy?" His voice was intent.

"She did, honey. And the men who had been with her had to be treated."

Thomson shuddered. "Rufe's a fool," he repeated. "I'll be glad to be quit of him when we unload the stuff at Frisco."

Pasa lit a cigarette. "It is a pity," she said, "that it is necessary for you to travel with Rufe. It would be so much better if you were—alone."

Her pause before the last word jolted Thomson and he looked sharply at her. "What do you mean by that, Pasa?" he said softly.

Pasa took a sip of coffee. She puffed on her cigarette and blew smoke across the table.

"I mean nothing, honey," she said deliberately. "I mean nothing at all. It was perhaps, my mind—wandering. It became full of strange thoughts. I was only thinking of you. You do not like Rufe—and if you had all the goods which I have for sale—"

She broke off with a shrug of the shoulders. Thomson leaned across the table. "Say," he said. "You got something on your mind. Let's have it."

Pasa gazed detachedly out of the window. "Non," she said. "Nothing really. I only thought that if Rufe believed that the girl he was with last night had been taken off to the Colony he would be very frightened. You know he is a coward."

Thomson nodded. "Well," he went on. "He might be so frightened that he might say here for treatment. Of course, you, his friend," she laughed sardonically, "would offer to stay, too. Perhaps you would—perhaps you would not. I do not know. If you did not stay

● NOTE: All characters and incidents in this story are imaginary and if any name used be that of a living person such use is due to inadvertence and is not intended to refer to such person.

it would be unfortunate for Rufe."

Pasa looked straight at Thomson. "It does not matter to me who I sell the goods to," she said suddenly.

Thomson took a long breath and toyed with his cigarette. "I guess you want to sell those goods quickly, Pasa. You have had them for some time now. Maybe they're getting a little bit hot now, eh?"

Pasa nodded. She lapsed back into an air of detachment. "Of course," she said, "if I sold them all to you and you went away, it would be difficult for me. Rufe would still be here. I would have to pretend I did not know you were going. That I had to get rid of the goods because the gendarmes were suspicious of me."

She nibbled at a slice of toast. "For that trouble, and the risks of dealing with Rufe, I would be obliged to have a little more money. Not much, but—"

For a second their glances met. Hers cold, shrewd; his impatient, eager. "What's your proposition, Pasa?" he asked.

"A simple one," she said. "Very simple—I would sell your share for the price for which we have agreed. You will make a profit on that. Rufe would make a profit on his share."

She poured more coffee. "To sell Rufe's share to you I would ask only that you pay me the amount he would pay me plus half of the profit which he would make."

Thomson's mind flashed to the counterfeit notes. He didn't hesitate. "How do we do it?" he snapped.

She gazed out of the window.

"It is very simple," she said. "Listen, I will tell you—"

Shortly after midday Thomson strode into the down-town bar where Atkins usually drank.

Atkins sat moodily at a table on his own. The grey of his face and the bloodshot eyes told of last night's and the previous few weeks' dissipation.

Thomson ordered "brandie" and Atkins drained his glass at a gulp. He shuddered.

"You need it bad, Rufe," said Thomson with a laugh. He ordered a bottle.

Atkins was nervy, impatient. "You been with Pasa?" he asked.

"All night," said Thomson. "Just left her."

Atkins swallowed another drink and Thomson refilled his glass. "Everything all right?" said Atkins.

"Sure," said Thomson. "Everything's right, Rufe. She'll come to our rooms about half an hour before the ship leaves. We'll pay her, get the goods and clear out. It'll be a parcel like a box of chocolates or something."

"You think it will be all right, Larry? You don't think these Cus-

toms guys will get on to it?" Atkins' voice was almost plaintive.

"Naw—it'll be right, Rufe. They won't notice anything. They don't watch too close anyhow."

"I heard they did, Larry. We don't want to get pinched here. It'll be hard enough gettin' past them at Frisco."

Thomson laughed. "You leave that to me, Rufe. I'll fix them suckers."

They talked and drank and Atkins brightened with each brandy.

"You go down to Madame Vere's last night, Rufe?" Thomson asked.

"Sure, Larry, sure. It was a good night. I found a new doll down there."

"Yeah," said Thomson. "Who was she?"

"French girl called Louise—a peach," said Atkins. "Say, Larry," he said, "Why you never come down there? You go round with Pasa all the time. Why don't you have a change?"

"Aw, I dunno, Rufe. I always think maybe them girls ain't clean."

Atkins scoffed. "Huh," he said, "you don't want to worry, Larry. Long as you use your sense. I been round too long to get caught."

"It's this leprosy round here gets me," Thomson said seriously.

"Leprosy!" Atkins' voice was dis-

"Madame de Vere's?" Atkins said. "Yes," said Pasa. "Poor girl . . . I heard her name . . . Louise. A pretty—"

"Louise!" Atkins' voice cracked. They consoled him and drank with him. And by the time they finally convinced him that it would be necessary to postpone their departure he was a pitiful, drunken wreck.

Pasa left them—ostensibly to go home. Thomson poured more drinks.

"Now, don't you worry too much, Rufe," he said. "They'll fix you up all right. They'll treat you so as you won't get it. Then we'll jump a ship and get clear."

Atkins could only mumble. "I'll get down to the shipping office," Thomson went on, "and tell 'em we're not goin'." I'll tell 'em to keep our berths till the next ship. Now you wait here, Rufe, till I get back."

Atkins slumped forward. Fear and alcohol had taken control. Thomson walked quickly to the hotel room. He pushed clothes into a bag; then he rummaged round in Rufe's belongings and drew out the false notes.

When Pasha arrived he was ready to leave. It was only twenty minutes before sailing time. "Here are your chocolates, honey," she said. "Bon voyage."

"Plenty dear chocolates," Thomson grinned as he handed her the notes.

She paused, and looked up to him. "Well, honey," she smiled. This is goodbye — and good luck."

She reached up and kissed him. Then she turned swiftly and was gone.

Larry Thomson strolled nonchalantly on to the ship. A steward showed him his cabin and he put his bag on the bunk.

He quickly surveyed the cabin. A curtain hung down to the floor, screening the wash basin. He hid the large brown paper parcel behind it.

Then he slowly straightened. He felt tired; it had been a strain. But it was all his now.

Three thousand dollars! It seemed too good to be true. If it turned out to be as easy to get the stuff ashore in Frisco, as it was to get it aboard here . . . But he knew it wouldn't. It would be tough. But he'd do it all right.

He wondered how Rufe was faring. He sneered. Probably unconscious by now. It would be too bad if he'd come to and gone down to the rooms. Or if Pasa discovered the notes were phoney!

But they couldn't do much anyhow. They'd only put the finger on themselves if they squealed. Every-

(Continued on Page 29)



dainful. "Them girls don't get leprosy."

"No," said Thomson, "I guess not. But I seen a leper not long ago and it ain't nice. You ever seen a leper, Rufe?"

"No, Larry, I ain't never," Atkins said.

"Well, it ain't nice," said Thomson. "The living dead they call them, Rufe. They're still alive but their bodies are dead. It ain't nice."

Atkins took a long drink. "Ah, m'slurs, here you are. I am dying for a drink." Pasa's voice broke suddenly in on their thoughts.

Thomson rose to greet her. "Madam de Vere's—Louise," he whispered.

She sat down. "A drink, Larry, quick," she said. "I am upset."

"Yeah?" said Thomson with concern. "What's wrong?"

"I was passing Madam de Vere's," said Pasa. "There was a van. They took a girl . . . to the Colony. She had escaped—weeks ago. It was not nice to hear her scream."

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ THIS TABLE

HEIGHT	WEIGHT
5'	112 lbs.
5' 1"	118 lbs.
5' 2"	120 lbs.
5' 3"	124 lbs.
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LOVE AMONG THE VIRUSES

FROM OUR NEW YORK OFFICE

DISCOVERY of sex on the ultimate border of life was reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in New York.

Smallest, and presumably, most primitive of living things are the so-called filterable viruses. They are responsible for some of the deadliest of human diseases, such as polio and spotted fever.

They are too small to be seen with the most powerful microscope. They live inside cells of the body, which renders them immune from such potent germ killers as the sulfa drugs and penicillin.

It has been disputed whether they actually are living organisms, or only large molecules of the sort from which life arose in the ancient seas in the beginning.

Yet, even among them, reported Dr. S. E. Luria, of Indiana University, there is mating of male and female. It can be found, Dr. Luria said, among the extremely minute bacteriophages, which feed on bacteria like lice on elephants.

The mating can be shown to take place, he said, when two virus types of the same family, but with different characters get together in a single cell.

Such characters as resistance to killing by ultraviolet light or by various chemicals apparently are passed on from parents to offspring. It is even possible, Dr. Luria said, to get hybrid viruses that no longer have the ability to attack certain hosts and thus kill bacteria.

Sex also has been found among the algae, simplest of plants, which constitute the most primitive form of life visible to the eye. They are the organisms which often form the scum on stagnant water. Most of them are sexless.

There is mating, however, between individuals of one species, the chlamydomonas, reported Dr. Ralph A. Lewin, of Yale University. This is proving of value in the study of

the mechanisms by which plants draw carbon dioxide from the air, the cornerstone of all higher life on earth.

Chlamydomonas, Dr. Lewin said, is a one-celled, free-swimming plant. He explained: "The two sexes, designated as plus and minus, cannot be distinguished by any visible character except their mating behavior, where the difference might be said to be psychological. Parent cells settle down and divide to form a hollow sphere of young cells. These swim away and gather into clumps from which, after a few minutes, mating couples separate.

One partner consistently continues to swim while the other, shortly after mating, ceases to beat its flagella and allows them to trail limply in the water. By experimentally marking the types in various ways, it can be shown that it is always the plus cell which takes on the job of propelling the partners until ultimately they settle down and fuse completely."

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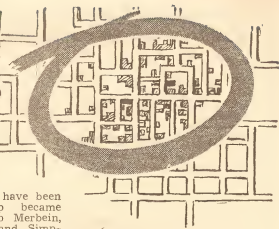
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CHANGING TOWN NAMES IS *Expensive*

By A. THORNTON



IF you live in a town with an unsuitable name most people would agree that the logical thing to do is to change it.

But switching the name of a town is not the simple business one might suppose—and it can prove very expensive.

For instance, signposts in the surrounding district have to be altered, and changes made in road maps and directories. Shops, hotels, cafes, cinemas and places of business have to alter the name on their official notepaper. The doctor and the lawyer have to change their billheads and the local hospital has to alter its brassplate. The local newspaper will probably have to change its name and register a new one, too, and so will the school and the technical college. All this costs money!

The name of the post office has to be changed, and fresh franking stamps made. The local library will have to have fresh markers and labels for its books, all of which will have to be re-stamped.

Many important official documents, particularly land-titles and deed polls will need to be altered. And, on top of everything, there is the trouble of notifying the rest of the world that your town isn't Stink Hills any longer, but Beautyville.

In recent years many attempts have been made to alter the names of some towns, but in most cases the move failed. An example is the case of Kellyville, a town near Parramatta (NSW). Residents reckoned that the progress of the town was retarded because people associated the name with the notorious Ned Kelly, though the bushranger was never within hundreds of miles of Kellyville. But petitions failed and Kellyville still retains its original name.

"Creeks" not wanted

In Victoria many place names ending with "Creek" have been changed to something more pleasing to the ear. For instance, Burnt Creek became Bromley, Stockyard Creek was changed to Foster, Bulldog Creek became Illabrook, Axe Creek is now Longlea. Many other double-barrelled names were changed for the better, including Gravel's Plains which became Corryong. Sawpit Gully was changed to Elphinstone, Reedy Lake to Fairley, Muddy Waterholes to Lethbridge, Dry Diggings to Rushworth, Gipsy Hills to Sandringham, Black Rock to Talbot, and Yuille's Swamp to Lake Wendouree, which was the aboriginal name for the place.

Other Victorian towns have been changed. Koorakoorakup became Sunbury, White Cliffs to Merbein, Gardener's to Malvern and Simpson's to Maryborough.

Melbourne seems to have had more changes than any other place in Australia. At various times it was called Beargrass, Bearport, Bareheap, Barebury, Batmania and Glenelg. Bendigo was originally called Sandhurst, after the famous military college of that name. Beechworth, best remembered as the place where a man once rode a horse shod with golden horseshoes, was once called Mayday Hills. Pentridge had its name changed to Coburg, after the visit of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

One could not expect much progress in a place with a name like Grumbling Gully, therefore, it was changed to Happy Valley."

Many were ugly

Some of our towns have had more than one change of name. Bemboka was once called Lyttleton, but because this was so often confused with the New Zealand town of that name, it was changed to Colombo, but this only caused confusion with the capital of Ceylon, so it was finally given the name of Bemboka.

Many names have been changed because they were considered ugly. Duck Creek Mountain was changed to Alstonville, the Wallaby Ground was changed to Broadmeadow, Ramsay's Bush became Haberfield, Bullock Flat was changed to Oberon, while Frying Pan became Yetholme. The only reason for this place even having held this curious name was because a swagman had once left his frying pan hanging on the door of a deserted hut.

Residents of Long Bay considered that the progress of the place was retarded because the name was always associated with the Long Bay gaol, so it was changed to Malabar, after the name of a vessel that ran ashore there. Buckley's Crossing, on the Snowy River, was changed to Dalgety.

Many of Queensland's towns had their names changed, too. Marathon was changed to Aramac, when a tree bearing the inscription "R. R. Mac," an abbreviation of R. R. Mackenzie, was found there. Cairns was originally named Thornton, after a collector of customs, but this was changed to Dickson, and finally to Cairns, after the governor of the day.

Marburg was originally called Sally Owen's Plains, but was changed to Rosebud and then to Marburg. Many of the crude early names were altered.

ed. The Springs was renamed Drayton, The Swamp became Toowoomba, Granite Creek was renamed Mareeba, and the ugly name of One Eye's Waterhole was changed to Milbong.

Nashville was named after the man who discovered gold there, but later this was changed to Gympie, which is the native name for the stinging tree, which grows in abundance there. Limestone Hill became Ipswich and several towns of German origin were given more patriotic names. It was first called Nind's Camp and then Geraldton.

There have not been many changes in South Australia, but like other States, several towns with German names, had their names altered during the first World War. It is interesting to recall that although Petersburg was changed to Peterborough because of its German origin, the name of the German after whom it was named, is perpetuated in the new name. His name was Peter Doecke.

Tantanoola, famous for its tiger, was once called Lucieton and, despite the objections of the residents of Beautiful Valley, the name of this place was changed to Wilmington. As in other States, many double-barrelled names were altered. German Pass was changed to Auguston, Poor Man's Selection to Enfield, Government Gums to Farma, Emu Flats to Robertstown, and Duck Pond to Moculta.

Only one state change

Not many changes have taken place in the names of Western Australian towns, but Coolgardie was originally called Bayley's, and Albany was once called Fredericktown.

Changes have also been few in Tasmania. Launceston was once called Patersonia, after Colonel Paterson, but was given the name of the Governor's birthplace instead. Nine Mile Springs was altered to Lefroy, and Brushy Plains was changed to Runnymede.

Tasmania is the only State to have had a change of name. It was originally called Van Diemen's Land. Of course the territory that was originally known as New Holland later became New South Wales, but this was a much larger area than the present State of NSW.

There are still many towns in Australia which might be given better names, but it is unlikely that many will be changed. ●

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
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Rawson Place, Sydney
I have compared the extracts here published with their original letters, and certify that they are word for word correct.


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Ironic

VACANT ever since their baby was kidnapped, the New Jersey home of Charles Lindbergh and his wife may soon be swarming with children. The State is planning to turn the 400-acre estate into an institution for delinquent boys.

* * *

An advert. caught his eye

A ONE-POUND note and three half-crowns, displayed in a hairdresser's window in Colney Hatch Lane, Muswell Hill, England, to advertise hair treatments at 27/6 each, attracted the attention of a man who wanted one but not the other. He broke the window and took the cash.

Amphibious trains

AMPHIBIOUS trains are being developed in Germany for the West German State Railways, according to a Hamburg despatch to Informaciones de Madrid. Floating railroad cars with a load of 90 tons each will roll on tracks behind a locomotive to rivers and canals, where they will take to the water behind a tug.

♦♦ * *

High-pressure education

JANE AUSTEN is the only classical author to be retained in the list of 40 books which Princeton University considers "worthwhile reading for the busy man." Shakespeare, Dickens, Gibbon have been dropped. Books at the top of the list are about Russia, Persia, Japan, Asia, Arabian oil, Einstein and evolution. ● Students at Minnesota University are to be given a course in the art of relaxing.

134 years old

A PASSPORT official in Bangkok took a second look when an old man came in the other day to ask for a passport to visit Mecca: the date on the birth certificate he presented was 1815! The prospective pilgrim, who was born in the year of the Battle of Waterloo, also wanted a passport for his wife, a damsel of 36 summers.

* * *

A shell that "thinks"

"A FRAGMENTATION shell with human intelligence," the first air-plane-to-airplane guided missile, is now in the possession of the US Air Force. It is a rocket-propelled shell known as the firebird, which will seek out its own target when fired from a speeding plane in combat. It is small, fast and difficult to track even on radoscopes, according to the Air Force description. "Because it is a pilotless projectile, it is capable of manoeuvres far beyond human endurance, making it extremely effective against piloted aircraft. It is effective at night or in bad weather since visual sighting is not required. The new weapon is about 7ft long and 6in in diameter, propelled by a 2ft booster rocket." This is apparently an adaptation of the proximity fuse developed during the war for anti-aircraft guns on the ground and later developed for artillery shells. Something of the sort was used briefly by the Germans during the war. It was, however, used against ships and ground targets and never by one plane against another.

* * *

Medicine won't end pain

MEDICAL science will never vanquish pain, asserts a world-famous Spanish neurologist, who holds that: "Like death, pain is a biological necessity." At most, pain can only be abated, he says.

In an interview, Dr. Maranon said: "Death is integral in life, as also is pain. Thank God we shall never succeed in abolishing pain. Without it we would find ourselves deprived of spiritual means of interpreting each other, and we would fall lower than the animals."

* * *

Zeiss now in Russia's Urals

THE world-famous Zeiss optical works are again in operation—this time in the distant Ural Mountains of Russia. In a suburb of Krasnogorsk, says a Berlin despatch to Aftonbladet of Stockholm. Several hundred German technicians, who had worked at the original plant at Jena in Germany turning out lenses, field glasses, cameras and similar products were moved east with the plant equipment, the Swedish correspondent adds, and have been given up for lost by their relatives in Europe.

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Miss A.E. Luxor, Parade, Roseville, Sydney.

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Fashion stayed put

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Andy Bushell on the top, worn by the choir at St. Michael's Church, Wandsworth Common, SW, are appearing in the streets on the heads of teenage girls who apparently "walk out" with the choir boys. The vicar, the Rev. E. H. Levinge, said: "The caps are rather like smart little berets. I have seen some girls wearing them and I have turned a blind eye, as the caps are always returned. Now some caps have vanished altogether."

Un-co-operative

DURING the English elections, women Tories who are members of the co-op at Seaton Delaval, Northumberland, demanded that the co-op either put a Tory poster in the store window or take down the one advocating the Socialist candidate. The co-op committee said it would consider the complaint after the election.

Never had a bath

LUCIEN DUQUENAL didn't like water. He'd never had a bath in his life until his landlady objected to his filthy, matted hair and beard. He went from his poor Paris quarters to the hospital for treatment—and was given a bath. It was too much for Lucien. He died. Doctors gave the reason: "Over-emotion on taking the first bath of his life."

Jekyll and Hyde

LESLIE POTTER was a methodical man. As a public-relations officer in a Detroit car factory he worked hard—except on Sundays and holidays. And at night, too, he worked hard, as a burglar—except on Sundays and holidays. His nocturnal business expanded and he took on a partner. But the partner had not the finesse of Leslie, and police caught him. Through him they caught Leslie. He admitted burglaries totalling £250,000, quoted the secret of his success: "I used different methods to enter every house so the police could not 'type' me."

No mention of frocking

A SINGING mouse named Geraldine with a "small contralto voice," has broadcast on US radio networks. Geraldine gave her first public performance from behind the wainscoting of a house in Burlington, Michigan. Regular supplies of cheese tempted her to become a professional, but publicity agents could not find out whether Geraldine would be wearing her famous furs for the recital.

Overtime

OF the 500 men employed building London's concert hall for the 1951 festival of Britain, only 300 turned up when their bosses gave a dinner-and-beer party to help good-fellowship. The rest stayed away because they were refused time-and-a-half during the celebration. They said they would lose overtime if they went along.

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AUSTRALIANA

Shipwreck

IT is widely known that the Dunbar was wrecked at the Gap, NSW, in 1857, with only one survivor, but it is not so generally known that another sailing vessel shared a similar fate only two months later. The Catherine Adamson arrived outside Sydney Heads also late at night, and a pilot went aboard. Because of strong and variable winds she was anchored inside North Head, but during the night the gale caused her to drag her anchors and, despite frantic efforts by the crew, she foundered and broke up at the Gap. The steamship William and a whaleboat from the lightship went to the rescue, but 21 lives were lost.—Suannee Ribber (NSW).

* * *

Song to remember

THE popular American song-hit—Lavender Blue—strikes a historical coincidence with early NSW. Billy Blue, the Old Commodore, was an American colored man who arrived in Sydney at the turn of the last century. He conducted the first ferry service across Sydney Harbor and received a grant of 80 acres from Governor Bligh at the site now known as Blue's Point. His daughter Susannah married George Lavender, boss of the prison hulk Phoenix. Lavender Bay is named after him.—Tim (NSW).

* * *

Sugar in NSW

THE sugar industry was started here by Thomas Allison Scott, who came here in 1816 from India, where he first became interested in sugar growing. He settled on a grant of land at Point Clare, on the shores of Brisbane Waters, NSW, about two miles from where Gosford now stands, in 1827, and found the cane grew well there. It was crushed between wooden rollers turned by hand. Settlers came to the farm by boat for their supplies of unrefined sugar. He also successfully grew tobacco and bananas. He frequently contributed articles to the Press of his day urging the establishment of these industries here, but it was not until 1860 that sugar growing was established on a commercial basis on the North Coast of NSW. This grand old pioneer died in 1881, and was buried in the cemetery at Point Frederick, Gosford. Two sprays of sugarcane are carved on his marble headstone, which carries this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Thomas Scott, pioneer of the Sugar Industry in Australia, who departed this life, 16/10/81, in his 105th year." The small railway station of Tascott, on the Gosford-Sydney line, was named for him, being a combination of his initials and surname.—E.T.D. (NSW).

Tricking the crows

HAVE been doubtful of the "super-willness" attributed to crows until recently. Flocks of them descend on pineapple plantations and ruin a lot of fruit in a very short time. To deal with them, heaps of damaged pines are set with rabbit-traps. Raucous cries would indicate when one of the flock was caught. His corpse was then attached to a pole as a warning to his kinsfolk. Recently, large heaps of fruit with the traps have been untouched, and the depredations have ceased, not one fruit in the whole area being touched. The old hands seem to have figured out that heaps of pines spell danger.—Jaydee (Q).

HERE IT IS!

THE little blackboy hitching-post to which two W.N. writers have referred is still standing patiently in Maitland's High Street, NSW, but only occasionally through the stream of motor traffic does a horse pass him. His stand is at a bus stop, and many years have passed since his arm held a rein. The figure is of hollow, moulded iron, about 33in high. It was taken to Maitland by the iron firm of Friend and Company, Sydney, about 80 years ago, and placed in front of the firm's premises. The business closed down and the late Mr. A. S. McDonald bought the figure, putting it in front of his book and tobacco shop about 60 years ago—opposite its original site. Mr. McDonald's son, Mr. J. S. McDonald, lives on the premises in which he was born 81 years ago. He comes out each evening to watch the stream of traffic, with his hand resting affectionately on the figure's head. He said, "Friend and Company made their iron products in America and had their Australian headquarters in Sydney, but whether—as a W.N. writer said—the black boy stood in front of their George Street premises near Wynyard over 80 years ago, I am afraid I cannot tell. The figure was originally a fountain with water playing from his mouth. There was no town water-supply when he came to Maitland, and we closed the aperture to prevent damage by boys, who put sticks and pipes in his mouth."—Black Boy. (NSW).

Man of many convictions

AT 243rd conviction was recorded against Ben Rogan. Orange may be able to claim this as a record. Magistrate fined Ben £1 for drunkenness—his 11th conviction this year. Rogan usually "cuts out" his term in the police station garden.—Spencer (NSW).

Names

JR'S oddly-named partners (WN, 27/5/50) recall a name here in Geelong (Vic.)—appropriate enough in relation to the record price of the woolclip — Rich and Gross, wool merchants.—Gee (Vic.).

HERE are a few more oddly-named partners, all genuine: Cherry and Quince, nut manufacturers, South Yarra (Vic.); Black and Green, grocers, Armadale (Vic.); Nutt and Bolt, bicycle manufacturers, Creswick (Vic.); Almond and Peach (pronounced Peach), grocers, Claremont (WA).—H.W.M. (Vic.).

First tobacco

TOBACCO was first grown in Australia by Philip Schaeffer, who was the first free-immigrant settler, and Chris. Magee, on the banks of the Parramatta River, NSW. While no trace of their farms can be seen today, there is a headstone on the river bank marking the grave of the wife and infant son of Chris Magee, who were drowned while returning in a small boat from Sydney. As they were buried close to Magee's hut it is evident that his farm was in the vicinity of Camella railway station. Schaeffer's was on the opposite side of the river. These men were not given any great encouragement, so they turned their attention to other crops. During the war years, when tobacco was hard to obtain, one man in the district grew coarse, splendid leaf (illegally, of course) and made quite good tobacco out of it. He had experimented with all sorts of leaves, including dock, fat-hen, gunleaves and wild musk, but found nothing to compare with the real tobacco leaf, though he said it was greatly improved by the addition of some wild musk leaves.—A.T. (NSW).

Funny fungi

A STRANGE fungi can be dug up from the surface roots of gum trees in the N. Queensland bush. It is yellowish in color and similar in size and shape to an egg, but is soft to touch. When it is "ripe" there emerges a six or eight inch wormlike fungus, bright red, with one or two black bands encircling the "head" end. It tapers to a fine point near the "tail." Finally, it leaves its egg-shaped nest and moves sluggishly about, leading many people to suppose it to be some kind of worm. Within a few days the "worm" shrivels up. What purpose it has served I do not know.—Gecko (NQ).

PIRATES WARNED

ORIGINAL paragraphs published in "Australians" are paid for at the usual rates.

Persons "lifting" paragraphs from living authors' books on Australians will, if detected, be disqualified for all time from contributing to any section of "World's News"—Ed.

Courage

IN March last near Newcastle Waters, NT, an incident occurred which vividly illustrates the gameness still needed in the outback. One of a team of drovers went down with fever about 23 miles out from the station homestead. Accompanied by a mate he started to ride back. Sun set when they were half-way there and they continued in the dark. The sick man rode barely conscious in the saddle, but his horse avoided the numerous stumps and anthills. Strangely enough it was his mate's horse that stumbled and unseated the rider, who fell heavily. Before he could roll aside the horse fell on top of him. It bounded back on to its feet, but the rider lay groaning from internal injuries. Although weak and feverish, the sick man caught the horse and managed to lift its rider back into the saddle. The balance of their journey was the toughest ride either had ever endured—a contrast to the trip by aerial ambulance which flew them up to the Darwin hospital the next day. The chap who had the fever was up and about within a fortnight, but it was some time later before his mate was in the saddle again.—Kurrundi (NT).

A kingly cake

ANOTHER kingly cake (WN, 3/6/50) was on view in Sydney recently, in the window of Louis' Restaurant. Made for King Haakon of Norway to celebrate his 78th birthday—August 3—it was lush, but far short of the 200lb confection mentioned, weighing only 60lb. Decorations include the flags of Norway surrounded by floral sprays, with a red cushion supporting a miniature of the King's crown. Royal insignia was sandblasted on a glass-sided case which was, in turn, enclosed in a mahogany case on which gold-leaf decorations were carried out.—Rallee (NSW).

Australites

IN many parts of southern Australia, right across from the east to the west coast, you can pick up round black pieces of matter that resemble once-molten glass. Known as Australites, they are believed to have come in one great shower from the sky, though even experts cannot agree on this. They are better known as Blackfellows' Buttons, which seems to be rather an appropriate name for them. Along the transcontinental railway line the aborigines gather the stones and sell them as lucky stones to travellers. I have seen them scattered about the ground near Bombala (NSW) so round that children have used them as marbles. Cut, polished and mounted in rings, brooches, &c., as genuine Australian souvenirs, they should prove popular.—A.T. (NSW).

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REAL-LIFE STORIES IN PEOPLE FORTWILTY 9^p

Hitler lives...

SAY GERMANS

By GERALD BRYDEN-BROWN

THOUSANDS of Germans living in the Western Zone still believe that Hitler is alive and will some day return to lead a similar organisation to the Nazi Party.

This fact I discovered through inquiries and interviews, as an engineer of a Norwegian motorship which recently visited Germany for extensive repairs and alterations.

Night visits to little *biertuben* (drinking halls) at Kiel and Bremen in the company of a German-speaking ship's officer soon proved that the meetings of the local *turnverein* (social clubs) were really Nazi Party gatherings, although they went under the names of National *Demokrat* and others.

Of course, these meetings are checked periodically. English and American Military Police often crash in, the latter bristling with

tommy-guns and resplendent in white helmets. They find nothing, and any papers on the table are invariably minutes of the social club.

The Americans are hated bitterly, but it is a surprising fact that the British are almost liked. As one German put it, "The British have suffered almost as we have, but Americans know nothing of war in their own homeland."

And so the beer mugs are refilled, and tired eyes brighten. In the hall outside the meeting room the hum of conversation is subdued a little as an old man tinkles at a zither. Soon someone will ask for *Lili Marlene*, and eyes vague in retrospect. I know then that those shabby men are thinking of their days with the immaculate *Wehrmacht* during 1938-43.

And Hitler? Many Germans claim he is in Portugal, but others say Spain or South America.

Hitler's double died

But listen to the story of one typical German, who spoke with grim surety. His name is Franz Fischer, and he is a nightwatchman at the huge shipyard of *Holwadt Werke* at Kiel. He is tired and shabby, for he is keeping a wife and three children in the remains of a small house, and has eighty marks, about 26 Australian, a week, on which to live in a land of inflated prices.

Perhaps nightwatchman Franz Fischer does not look like an authority, but not so long ago he was *Kapitan-Lieutenant Fischer* of the German Navy, and commander of a modern submarine in the Atlantic. He has an imposing array of ribbons, including the rare *Knights Cross*. His opinion is worth hearing.

He said: "Can you imagine Germany allowing Hitler to die in a fire at the Chancellery? No, our efficiency could not permit that. Adolf Hitler left Germany three days before Berlin fell, and the body found in the ruins was that of another man, Hitler's double even to his dental work. The double posed as the Leader many times, even before the war. His job was to appear at unimportant functions, when Hitler had more urgent things to do. And the double appeared when the Chancellery fell in ruins, and he died there.

"I know for a fact that Adolf Hitler is today alive and well, and he is in Argentina. Whether the Peron Government is aware of this, I do not know, but if anyone would take the trouble to make inquiries, he would find that the Argentine Navy is in possession of one of our latest *Snorkel-equipped submarines*. That is the submarine that took Hitler from Germany. No, I do not know whether his woman went with him, but I am sure he will come back to lead Germany again." ●

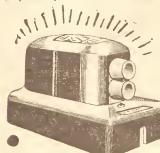
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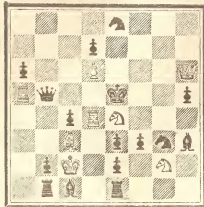
THE Chess CORNER



PROBLEM No. 476

By W. J. SMITH
(Campsie)

Black: 16 pieces.



White 8 pieces

White to play and mate in two moves.
Solution on Page 27.

OSTEND, 1907 VIENNA GAME

White
J. Mises

Black
E. Znosko-
Borovsky

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-QB3 | 2. Kt-KB3 |
| 3. B-B4 | 3. Kt-B3 (a) |
| 4. P-Q3 (b) | 4. B-K15 |
| 5. B-K15 | 5. P-Q3 (c) |
| 6. Kt-K2 (d) | 6. B-K3 |
| 7. Castles | 7. P-KR3 |
| 8. B x Kt | 8. Q x B |
| 9. Kt-Q5 | 9. B x Kt |
| 10. B x B | 10. B-B4 (e) |
| 11. B x Kt ch | 11. P x B |
| 12. K-R1 | 12. P-Q4 (f) |
| 13. P-KB4 | 13. KP x P |
| 14. R x P (g) | 14. Q-K2 (h) |
| 15. P-Q4 | 15. B-K13 |
| 16. Kt-K13 | 16. Castles Q, R. |
| 17. P-K3 | 17. P-QB4 (i) |
| 18. P-B3 | 18. P x P |
| 19. P x P | 19. K-Kt1 (j) |
| 20. P-QR4! | 20. P-QR4 |
| 21. P-Kt4! (k) | 21. Q x KP |
| 22. R-Kt1 | 22. Q-K2 |
| 23. Q-KB1! | 23. K-R2 |
| 24. R x B!! (l) | 24. K x R |
| 25. Q-Kt5 ch | 25. K-R2 |
| 26. Q x P ch | 26. K-Kt2 |
| 27. R-B1 | 27. R-QKt1 |
| 28. Kt-B5! | 28. Q-K3 |
| 29. Kt-Q6 ch!! | 29. P x Kt |
| 30. R-Kt1 ch | Black resigned (m). |

NOTES

- The alternatives are 3... Kt x P and 3... B-B4.
- And here White may play 4. P-B4 or 4. Kt-B3.
- Rather tame. More to the point was a question to the Bishop: 5... P-KR3, 6. B x Kt (if 6. B-B4, P-KK4; 7. B-K13, P-Q4 &c), B x Kt ch; 7. P x B, Q x B with a good game.
- Sooner or later White will want to play P-KB4.
- An attempt to prevent P-B4, but it is only a postponement.
- The opening of the positions suits White. Black should have tried... P-KK4.
- White is a little anxious. Better was 14. P-Q4, postponing R x P till the following move.
- He should have accepted White's challenge and taken the KP.
- Black must try to free his Bishop.
- Unfortunately Black cannot play 19... P-QB4; 10. Kt-B5, Q-B1, 21. Kt-Q6 ch wins.

(k) The pawn sacrifice increases the ferocity of White's attack.

- Very pretty. Now White's attack crashes home in a few moves. (m) If 30... K-B1, 31. Q-R6 ch, K-R2; 32. Q-R7 ch &c. If 30... K-B3; 31. Q-R6 ch, K-Q2; 32. Q-R7 ch &c. A beautiful attack by Mises.

The tournament to decide the challenger for the world's championship was played in Budapest during April and May. Of those who were eligible, the Americans, Reshevsky and Fine, were not able to play because of the difficulty of obtaining visas from their Government, while Bondarevsky and Euwe declined because of poor recent form.

The tournament, which was a double round contest, resulted in a convincing win for Boleslavsky and Bronstein, who will play a match for the right to challenge Botvinnik for the world title. Scores (out of 18): Boleslavsky and Bronstein, each 12; Smyslov, 10; Keres, 9; Najdorf, 8; Kotov, 8; Stahlberg, 8; Flohr, Lillienthal and Szabo, each 7.

Boleslavsky was the only player to go through undefeated, but Bronstein covered himself in glory in the second half, scoring 7 points out of his last eight games.

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MASTER DAVID JOYCE (Cullendulla, Benandarah, South Coast, NSW): My Pony Whippetick; Bushland Of My Dreams; Bridle Hanging On The Wall; Rhythm In The Saddle; Bushland Paradise; Little Red Patch On My Pants; Let It End This Way.

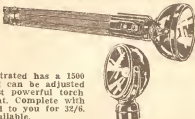
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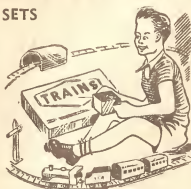
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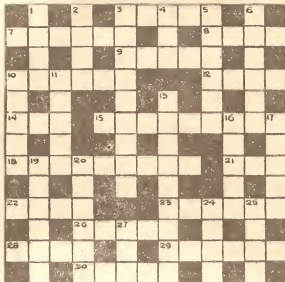
World's News Crossword Puzzle—Non-Competitive

CLUES TO THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| 3. Wanderer. | 1. Hindu garment. |
| 7. Word of honor. | 2. Ridicule. |
| 8. Jug. | 3. Inevitable. |
| 9. Military student. | 4. Insane. |
| 10. Difficulty. | 5. Particular. |
| 12. Greedy. | 6. Great talent. |
| 14. Self. | 10. Beg. |
| 15. Pound. | 11. Irritable. |
| 18. Difference. | 12. Not entirely. |
| 21. Tavern. | 16. Fool. |
| 22. Stain. | 17. Useful. |
| 23. Indifference. | 19. Collision. |
| 26. Praise. | 20. Strong. |
| 28. Examine. | 24. Relative. |
| 29. Carriage. | 25. Pile. |
| 30. Linger. | 27. Peak. |

COMPETITION

No. 284 APPEARED
ON 1st JULY, 1950.



SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Forgery. | 2. Orator. |
| 3. Secure. | 3. Grange. |
| 9. Capacious. | 4. Raised. |
| 10. Pierce. | 5. Besides. |
| 11. Goggles. | 6. Guardsman. |
| 13. Rue. | 7. Depends. |
| 14. Ceased. | 8. Sup. |
| 17. Lariat. | 12. Guarantee. |
| 19. Tag. | 15. Flighty. |
| 21. Trainer. | 16. Balance. |
| 22. Genial. | 18. Ordeal. |
| 24. Necessity. | 19. Tissue. |
| 25. Thence. | 20. Gentle. |
| 26. Alleged. | 23. Lee. |

A new puzzle will be published each week and each fifth problem will be competitive in the usual form.

THE LIVING DEAD

(Continued from Page 17)

thing was jake there. And he'd got the parcel aboard without anyone noticing. There'd been no one around to notice, anyhow. He cast his mind back quickly. No, there'd been no one around at all. He hadn't spoken to anyone or seen anyone, except — He spun round as he sensed the movement at the cabin door—and froze—

A strange man stood in the doorway. And behind him the steward. He had spoken to the steward, but God, surely. . . .

"M'sieur Thomson?" the man said.

"Yeah," said Thomson unsteadily. "That's me."

"M'sieur, I am afraid I will have to ask you to accompany me and bring your luggage."

Thomson tried to bluster. "What the hell—" he demanded.

"M'sieur, you have been living with a woman," the man interrupted, "a woman called Pasa. She used to be one of Madam de Vere's girls, and . . . M'sieur, my card."

The blood drained from Thomson's face as he read that card. The printing blurred and came clear again. He reeled.

"Bureau des affaires de la Leprosierie," he repeated mechanically.

"The steward, M'sieur, will bring your bag. Is there anything else?" The man's voice was kindly now.

"Anything else?" Thomson mumbled stupidly. "Yes, something else . . . the parcel . . ."

"Parcel, M'sieur?" The man glanced round the cabin.

Thomson drew his hand across his forehead. "No," he said. "No—nothing else—just my bag." ●

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1850 Price List now available—Fancy Goods, Haberdashery, Medicinal, Mercury, Stationery, Toilet Toys. Keen prices. Wholesale only. Post or Rail anywhere Aust. From S. Rowe Pty. Ltd., 800 George Street, Sydney.

10 x 8 enlargement, artist finish, colored in oil or sepia from film or photo. Price mounted, 10/6. Photo Service Club, Reiby Place, Sydney.

A Free Trial Bottle of Great Indian Urtrict Treatment To sufferers from Catarrh, Colitis, Constipation. Send 3d stamps (postage) for Free Trial Bottle to F. Parker (Dept. W.), 121 Brighton Blvd., North Bondi, N.S.W.

Personal Letterheads with your name and address printed on fine quality ruled, full size paper. 100 12/-, 200 17/6, posted anywhere. Cliff Howe, Alberton, S. Aus.

Wood Cards 1/4 doz. Bobby Pins (English) 4oz., 8d doz. Cards (Australians), 12oz., 1/3 doz. Cards Per ib boxes, 4/8. Needles 2/5 doz. Hair Nets, Invisible, 4 doz on card, 7/11 card. Slumber (with elastic), 6/3 doz. Tie on, 2/6 doz. Nail Files, 3/3 doz. Needle Threaders, 2/4 doz. Price List Free. C. Pittman, 481 Pitt St., Sydney.

Artificial Marble, easy to make, low prices. Tiles, Table Tops, Flooring, Sink Tops, Wall Boards. Extremely hard, 21d stamp, particulars. Australian School of Cement Art (Regd.), 220 Pennant Hills Road, Thornleigh, N.S.W. Estab. 1930.

Make your Own Flexible Moulds. Start a Home Business Making Statuary Bookends. Art Goods, Souvenirs. Send 21d stamp, full particulars to A.S.C.A., Flexible Moulds, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Make Concrete Fence Posts, Water Tanks, Roofing Tiles, Tombstones, Kerbing, Repair Galvanised Tanks and Roofs (Window mannikins). Send 21d stamp particulars, Cement Arts, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

"Modern Engineers." Large range early and late issues. Bolton, 70 King St., Sydney. Catalogue, 2/-.

WORLD'S NEWS POSTAGE

POSTAGE on World's News to any address in Australia, New Zealand.

Fiji, New Guinea, United Kingdom.

Ireland or any part of the British Empire is 1/4d. Foreign rate is 2d.

Postage to members of the Australian Forces anywhere, including Japan, is 1d for 12 oz, provided the address

includes rank and regimental number.

Free. Read "How I Cured My Stomach Troubles" (simple remedy). Thomas, 34 Clarence St., Woolongabba.

Spare time profits for you. Learn make glorious plastic jewellery, flowers, etc. All modern crafts by post. Write Desi K., Le Bon College, Box 278, Haymarket, Sydney.

STAMPS

Approvals on request. Old and Modern issues for all. J. Barr, 69 Fern St., Islington, 2 N, N.S.W.

Empire Stamp Club for Medium Collectors. No joining fee. Approvals sent to prospective members. Write Secretary, P.O., Box 10, Enfield.

Rare Sets: 25 Britera 5/-, 25 Libya 5/-, 25 Somali 5/-, 25 Aegean Island 5/-, 50 Burma 12/6, 25 Saar 5/-, 50 Malaya 6/-, 37 Silver Wedding Colonials 15/-. Send stamp for Bargain Lists. Atlas Stamp Co., Box 1, Roseville, N.S.W.

Superb Stamp approvals—world assortment—monthly sendings arranged. Perthshire Stamp Co., Bullbarra, 2W, N.S.W.

500 Different Whole World, 7/6; 50 Australian, 1/-; 25 Japan, 6d; 20 New Zealand, 6d; 12 Irish, 1/-; Stamp Album holds 4000, 3/6; 500 Hinges, 1/-; E. S. Baker, 131 Ruskin Street, Elwood, S.3, Victoria.

25 Belg. Congo, Superb Picts. 3/-, 500 diff. Whole World 7/6; 100 French Colonies Large Pictorials 3/6; 6 Liberia Animal Triangles 2/-; Cliff Howe, Alberton, S.A.

Dr. JONES TONIC TABLETS

Restores nerves... build up vigor.

This genuine tonic has benefited both men and women. You, too, can build up reserves against worry and become more vigorous with this proven hormone treatment.

PRICE 10/6

Write now to

T. JONES & COMPANY

Consulting Chemists, 319 George Street, Sydney.

THE ONLY WAY TO SALVATION

Send for free booklet dealing with this most important subject to the Secretary, Regent Hall, 49 Regent St., Sydney.

Literature in Braille available for blind.

Printed and published by Associated Newspapers Ltd., at the registered office of the Company, 60-70 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, NSW.

STOP Your RUPTURE Worries!

We invite you to try the new Roussel Appliance Free. It enables you to do hard work with comfort and security. Definitely holds, a condition absolutely necessary for improvement. The Roussel is light, inconspicuous and adjustable. There are no hard pads, no metal girdle, no unhygienic underpads, and no buckles. Recommended by doctors and by thousands of users throughout Australia. Call or send 21d Stamp for Illustrated Details. Self-Measurement Form and 14 Days' Free Trial Offer. No obligation. ONE ADDRESS ONLY—**THE ROUSSEL APPLIANCE CO. (Dept. 12), 9 Martin Place, Sydney.**



Do You Know THIS?

The sense of taste differs widely in human beings. Three thousand people were recently tested at Richmond, Virginia, to find their reactions. Each one was given a tablet containing a rare kind of sugar called mannose and was asked to register his vote as to what the real taste is. One third voted it sweet; 11 per cent bitter; three per cent sour; one per cent salty, and about one-fifth voted that it had more than one of these tastes.

It is estimated that there are over 150 million adherents of Buddhism, mainly in China, Ceylon, Japan and south-east and central Asia. Its creed is tolerant and offers its followers a state of serenity which may be attained even in the present life.

A postman at Toledo, Ohio, recently resigned his job because he complained that his feet hurt. He has now become a chiropodist!

The Urchin fish of South America, though it rarely attains a length of 12 inches, often destroys sharks up to 25 feet long. The Urchin fish resembles a hedgehog in that its skin has spiny points, and it is able to distort itself so that the spines stand out. When the shark swallows it, the little fish goes to work eating and boring its way through the coat of the stomach, and right through the tough skin of the shark.

Two cars recently collided at a busy intersection in the city of Baltimore, and were immediately abandoned by their drivers. When police investigated, they found both cars had been stolen!

Only 13 muscles act to make a person smile, but a frown takes 50 muscles.

The Turkish bath was originally called Humnum!

Some scientists believe a person's natural coloring is an indication of what diseases he may contract. Blondes seem to be susceptible to rheumatism, heart disease, tonsillitis and arthritis, while brunettes are more liable to contract tuberculosis and various nervous ailments.

The Morris dance, usually regarded as an English folk dance, actually originated in Morocco, from which it was named.

For more than 400 years attempts were made to cross the Arctic Ocean from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the object of bringing Arctic ports to within two or three weeks' sailing of London or Rotterdam. Ships of three explorers who made the complete passage had been forced to spend one to two winters ice-bound. Finally the feat was accomplished by the Russian ice-breaker Siberiakov, which battered its way through ice packs from Archangel to the Pacific in 1932.

A millionaire of Le Mars, Iowa, recently announced he would give away most of his fortune to charity. However, this action was forestalled by burglars, who stole the bulk of his money.

One of the fastest-growing plants in the world is the Giant Bamboo, which may grow a foot in one day.

The town of Accident, Maryland (US), owes its name to a curious mix-up in the year 1751. King George II gave a man named George Deakins a grant of land in Maryland in payment of a debt. Deakins sent out two corps of engineers, each without knowledge of the other group, to survey the best land in a particular section. This was done, and it was then found that the two groups had surveyed the same tract of land. Deakins had the tract patented "The Accident Tract," which became the site of the present town.

Henry Ward Beecher, American philanthropist, who was a sufferer of hay fever, founded the Asthma and Hay Fever Club in 1862. All members spent the summer in a pollen-free colony at Bethlehem, New Hampshire.

Medical history records a few rare cases of humans growing horns. This is actually a skin disease called Cornu Cutaneum, a horny cutaneous outgrowth varying in size and shape.

SOLUTION TO CHESS PROBLEM No. 476

Key Kt-B5 Threat Q-B4 mate
If 1... Q-R5 or Kt6 ch;
2. Kt x Q mate.
If 1... B-B4 ch; 2 R-Q3 mate.
If 1... K-B4; 2 R-B4 mate.
If 1... Kt-B4; 2 Kt x QP mate.

FREE

TRIAL BOTTLE

of Great Indian Treatment (Reg.) for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Stiff Joints. Extract from letter: "I have had no pain in the hips or feet since taking Your Great Indian Treatment. The depressed, tired feeling has left me and I sleep well. I am grateful to you for the wonderful help." Send 6d stamps (postage) for Free Trial Bottle of Great Indian Treatment to

F. PARKER

(Dept. 16),

121 Brighton Boulevard,
NORTH BONDI, N.S.W.



DAVIDSON & SMITH

Authorised
Makers

of the GENUINE
ASSOCIATION

RODEO SADDLE

A first-class hand-made saddle, built on the best quality solid gullet steel plated tree, which is specially manufactured, all roughed up or smoothed out, specially selected leather, with reinforced knee pads set high up on the flap (as illustrated), completely mounted with the Combined Association Girth Stroping, 1 1/4 in. best bevelled and numbered stirrup leathers and nickel plated steel stirrup leathers. OR, as above, with staples, deers, girth straps, and leather points to panel, completely mounted with 1 1/4 in. ring surcingle, 1 1/4 in. stirrup leathers, improved Irish and nickel plated stirrup 16/10/- Irons. PRICE, Complete.

DAVIDSON & SMITH,

AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST SADDLERY MANUFACTURERS,

Corner Bourke and Liverpool Streets,
East Sydney. Telephone: FA5013.

Catalogue posted free on application.

DRINK HABIT DESTROYED

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrazy has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 52 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required.

SEND 30/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

Dept. A., EUCRAZY CO.
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

HYPNOTISM

RE VILLE (Australia's Undisputed Master of Magic) has now released all secrets of his outstanding Hypnotic Influence. For full secrets of the most effective magic known. Post 10/- to

RE VILLE

Elmes Road, Rocklea, Brisbane.

PIMPLES, ACNE

Skin blotches and blemishes, FREE particulars of proved home treatment, which quickly treats these conditions. Enclose stamped envelope to D. Rogers, P.H.C., M.P.S., Box 1591V, Brisbane.

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TONIC made with HERBS

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Recapture Radiant Health

TO GET RELIEF

from Aches and Pains take

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RHEUMATISM, NERVES

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KIDNEY — BLADDER TROUBLES

You will Eat Better, Sleep Better
and Feel Better

HUTUWAI

GET A BOTTLE TODAY

THE WORLD'S NEWS, JULY 22, 1950

PAGE THIRTY-ONE

Meet the men who know— PAUL, *The presser*

● “We Pressers reckon, and rightly too, that we can tell a good trouser by the way it presses. If a trouser is badly made from poor cloth we get little pleasure from our work. But it’s a joy to press Stamina trousers. Why? you may rightly ask. Well, firstly, because the Crusader Cloth they are made from is woven from pure, virgin fleece wool, and, secondly, the trousers are what I call properly made. Our Stamina girls take pleasure in producing trousers of which they are proud. Yes? Stamina trousers are good—I should know. I suppose I’ve handled tens of thousands of trousers in my time, but, give me Stamina.”



ASK
FOR

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Self-Supporting TROUSERS

TAILORED FROM CRUSADER CLOTH